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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1874.

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PARTY.

WHAT is meant by charging a man with falsity to his party? Has "party" any rightful claims upon the duty or service of any citizen? These are questions which are of especial interest at this moment, when there is a general feeling that party lines are becoming obscure, and when the mere party appeal is supposed to be almost powerless. A political party is nothing but a voluntary association to promote a certain policy in government. Every man who favors the policy becomes one of the party, sustaining its candidates, and helping to pay the necessary expenses of elections. But the party has no other existence than this wholly voluntary co-operation, and can not possibly have any kind of claim upon any citizen. At every moment and upon every measure the voter alone is the judge of the party, because, as it is a mere convenience, a political machine, he alone knows whether it will serve his purpose. What is called "ratting," or desertion of a party, is a term of dishonor, because it is applied to what is believed to be a selfish and unprincipled change in party co-operation. When JOHN QUINCY ADAMS was appointed by Mr. JEFFERSON minister to Russia in 1811, it was called the reward of ratting, because his desertion of the old Federal party was believed by his opponents to be a selfish calculation. Rats desert a sinking ship, and he was supposed to think that his old party was doomed.

This use of a voluntary organization as a convenience is the original relation of the citizen to a party. But as government in a free country can be carried on only by party, and as men do not act in politics simply and passionlessly, the actual fact of parties and party relations becomes very different. Thus a man is forced to a constant alternative. He often sees that the public policy which he thinks best is advocated by those who advocate many measures which he disapproves. Yet he must use the machine as it is. If he is a free-trader, for instance, he sees that the free-trade candidate is also a liquor prohibitionist, and he must decide which of the two questions is at the moment of more importance. The same difficulty often confronts him in the character of the candidates, and he must decide whether he will vote for a free-trader who may sometimes take a glass of wine rather than for a "teetotal" protectionist.

Practically this question will be settled by his conviction of the pressing dangers of the situation. Thus in 1864 the question of the Presidential election was really that of the success of the rebellion, and every man of sense knew it to be so. A truly patriotic citizen, therefore, could not hesitate. He might have been a protectionist, and Mr. LINCOLN a free-trader; or a prohibitionist, and Mr. LINCOLN opposed to all sumptuary laws; or hostile to all national subsidies, and Mr. LINCOLN in favor of them; or a hard money man, and Mr. LINCOLN an advocate of a paper currency; but all the differences would have seemed to him to disappear in the fact that Mr. LINCOLN represented the maintenance of the government and the Union, which was the paramount issue, and he would have sustained his re-election with zealous earnestness. It is plain that the same man under other circumstances might have opposed Mr. LINCOLN's election quite as warmly, and to have reproached him with recreancy to the party would have been laughable. For to say that a party has any claim upon the citizen is to say that a multitude of men whose action has in certain instances and under certain circumstances been supported by an individual will always favor a policy, propose measures, and nominate candidates that he approves.

But another fact to be noted is that in a country governed by parties, one of them generally represents an intelligent and progressive policy, and another, under various pretexts, the opposition. The spirit which curbed the royal power and defended popular liberty, and that which worshiped CHARLES STUART as a blessed martyr and regarded CROMWELL as a bloody regicide, are still evident, under changed forms, in English parties. In this country it is observable that the Republican party has been always strongest in the more intelligent, moral, and industrial States, and the Democratic party has been strongest wherever the influences and consequences of slavery were most apparent. Those, however, who think that this fact of itself will preserve the dominance of the Republican party, whatever policy it may, in the usual and recognized methods, adopt, deceive themselves. A party, as we have said, is a convenience, a machine, but it must be used according to its own laws. It is not a machine like a steam-engine, which will now cut iron and now grind grain, nor like a pail, which now holds wine and now water. A party which will abolish slavery can not for that reason be counted upon to prohibit the sale of ardent spirits, any more than the fact of emancipation by the party can be urged as a reason for supporting its nomination of unfit candidates.

These are very simple truths, but they may profitably be meditated at this time, when success at the polls will be the reward of those who most truly estimate the real interest and purpose of the country.

PROBABILITIES.

THE Tennessee branch of the "hard money" Democracy has joined that of Indiana in demanding that the bonds of the government shall be paid in promises to pay. The Maine branch has resolved, it will be remembered, that a paper currency is one of the most afflicting evils possible. Now, if the financial question be one of the most vital interests of the country, it is plain that the Democratic party holds no common opinion, and advocates no policy upon the subject. It is true that the Republican party is equally divided, but then it does not call itself a hard money party, and none of its papers on either side of the question try to excommunicate the brethren upon the other. The actual position of both parties upon this subject is truly expressed in the Congressional Republican address: "Neither party, as such, yet sees clearly the right way." It is mere folly for any partisan to claim that his party is a hard money party, since the presses and conventions of both radically differ. The only guide for those who regard the financial question as the most important of all is the probable tendency of the parties.

The debt was incurred for a war which grew out of the policy of the Democratic party as the friend of slavery and of State sovereignty, yet a war to which the party, as such, was opposed. From the moment that the war ended the demand that the public faith should be dishonored has been made only in Democratic conventions. And such is the force of that feeling that, if the next Congress should be Democratic, there would be a very much more serious apprehension of mischievous financial legislation and declaration than if it should be Republican. The long servility of the party to slavery, the constant self-sophistication of its better members, and the insolent domination of what Mr. SUMNER called the slave-mongering element, have given to it a loose morality which properly begets apprehension. A party which has been for two generations justifying wrong and oppression, and insisting with JOHN RUTLEDGE in the Constitutional Convention of '87 that "religion and humanity have nothing to do with the question" of slavery, can not become the safe depository of power in a free country merely because, against its will and efforts, slavery has been abolished, and when, for the proper establishment of the new order, a profound sense of justice and essential honesty are indispensable.

At this time, therefore, when by common consent the moral qualities of character and action should be peculiarly considered, the traditional spirit and natural tendency of the Democratic party can not be safely disregarded. There are three classes of questions which are now of paramount interest to the country. They are the financial questions, those arising under the new amendments, and those of general and special reform, such, for instance, as temperance and the civil service. Assuming the honesty and ability of candidates—for no man is justified in voting for dishonest and incompetent persons—it is clear that they will act, as they will be elected, not as individuals, but, within reasonable limits, as members of parties; that is to say, they will be Republicans or Democrats. Now to which party, as such, and fully conceding that a man is not to sink himself in the partisan—to which party may the questions of finance, of the amendments, and of political reform be more safely intrusted? Can it be that which contains the great mass of those who favor virtual repudiation, who are bitterly hostile to equal rights and to the settlements of the war, who compose "the liquor interest," who have furnished none of the active friends of civil service reform?

It is not enough that candidates be honest. The voter must be sure that the honesty will tell for the policy which he favors, not that which seems to him harmful. Thus if Mr. TILDEN should be nominated by the Democrats as Governor of New York, their candidate would be both upright and able. But the prestige of his election would aid powerfully the transfer of the national administration to the Democratic party, of which he is a loyal member. That would be a grave national disaster. And as Mr. TILDEN would be opposed undoubtedly by Governor DIX, his honesty would be no reason for thinking that it would be a matter of indifference which might be elected. The *Evening Post* lately said that it would not be a serious misfortune if Mr. STEARNS, a Democrat, were elected to the House in the place of Mr. DAWES in the western district of Massachusetts, because he is an honest and clever man. But it seems to us rather serious that Massachusetts should cast a vote against the Civil Rights Bill, as she would if Mr. STEARNS should be elected. It is important to observe that while party ties are very much relaxed, party organizations continue, and as the membership of parties has not materially changed, their general spirit and tendency remain.

DIPPING WATER IN SIEVES.

THERE have been various amusing efforts to "improve" the lamentable Brooklyn trouble. Among them is the attempt to hold what is called radicalism, or, more precisely, Republicanism, responsible for it. The fact that the persons chiefly concerned were of the same political views seems to have been considered a reason for supposing that all the most repulsive aspects of the case were due to a hearty approval of the new amendments to the Constitution. The logic of this reasoning is as admirable as that which would formerly have deduced the private immorality of Democrats from the fact that the Democratic party sustained slavery, which was the nursery of licentiousness. It is curious as an illustration of party spirit run mad. "This," says the critic, in substance—"this is the natural fruit of the party of 'moral ideas.'" We should expect to hear the same critic remark that a total abstinence orator who should be caught intoxicated proved the folly of temperance and the natural consequence of exhortations to moderation.

Another and similar absurdity is the harm which the story is supposed to have done to religion. It has concerned a religious teacher and society, and therefore, although the preacher is innocent, religion has suffered. Has it? How has it suffered? Did philanthropy suffer, or was humanity brought to shame, because of the portrait of Mrs. Jellaby or of Mr. Honeythunder? Did temperance suffer because of the story of Stiggins, or the golden rule because of Chadband? Even if the Brooklyn tale had been universally believed as it was told, there would have been a painful surprise and a general sorrow among all honorable men, but there would have been only a renewed impression of human weakness, not a loss of faith in human character. If that faith can survive the lessons of history, the endless tales of public wrong and of private infamy, it will not succumb to any fresh illustration of weakness. When WASHINGTON heard of ARNOLD's treason he exclaimed, "Who can be trusted now?" It was an expression of bitter disappointment. But it was no more. WASHINGTON did not trust GREENE any the less because of ARNOLD's treachery.

Those who say that every fresh proof of weakness destroys faith in strength have no faith in strength, and never had. They sincerely believe in universal weakness, and accept every fresh proof as a thing of course. The Benicia Boy turned out to be "soft," and he died young and exhausted. Does any body hold that he disproved the excellence or the possibility of a robust muscular system? There is always in society a large element of incredulity of high character and motive, and a predisposition to think meanly of men. Oddly enough, this mingled incredulity and contempt calls itself knowledge of the world. But it is so only in the sense that May-fair, or a little circle of people called "society," is the world; and then it amounts merely to saying that vain and shallow people are trivial, and that those who do not respect themselves have no self-respect. Faith in character, trust in the truth, and the power of conscience are not disturbed by any revelations of folly or falsehood. There is no guide of life so sure and steadfast and practical as the faith that

> "Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
> Like seasoned timber, never gives;
> But though the whole world turns to coal,
> Then chiefly lives."

THE POLITICAL MARKET.

THE "Liberal Republican" electors are in demand. They have been invited to send delegates to the New York Democratic Convention on the 16th of September, and an address has been issued to them—and in very lofty language, too—summoning them to a Convention of their own on the 9th of September. Who are "Liberal Republicans," and what do they wish? They are gentlemen whose leaders are known as periodically resolved upon the public service, who, finding that they would not be appointed to office by a Republican Administration, called aloud for reform. The noble language in which reform in this particular is demanded is remarkable. It informs us, among many inspiring truths, that the people are breaking loose from party bonds in order to form a party "to estimate correctly the false professions by which party corruption insidiously saps the public welfare." This is certainly a fine use of language, and if any body of politicians can teach us to estimate correctly the value of false professions it is the leaders of the Liberal Republicans. They will undoubtedly give us a striking lesson upon the subject at Albany.

Being duly assembled, they will, in the imposing language of their call, "insist upon an honest civil service, now flouted and crushed, and brand as infamous the politicians' rule that to the victor belong the spoils." Having thus demanded reform in the distinct hearing of the Democratic and Republican parties, they will pause and await the result. If on the 16th of September the Democratic Convention shall show a just disposition toward reform by consenting to divide the spoils, the Liberals will gladly hail the return of an honest civil service and the restoration of "the dearest rights of the citizen." But should the Democracy show themselves a "selfish and hostile faction" by refusing this reform, the Liberals will turn their voices and eyes toward the Republicans on the 23d. Should the worthy merchants be unable to make a satisfactory bargain for reform in the Republican market, they will study each ticket to ascertain the strongest candidates. Those they will nominate to show their strength, in order that they may retain some capital for a better trade next year, and to secure another chance to teach us all "to estimate correctly the false professions by which party corruption insidiously saps the public welfare."

THE TABLES TURNING.

IN a late number of *Punch* the chief picture is called "A Real Conservative Revival." It represents Prime Minister DISRAELI standing at the head of a dining-table, while Mr. Punch, the butler, with an ineffable air of superb contempt, is removing the cover from a huge dish containing two small fish and a half. Mr. DISRAELI says, "We have little or no *fish*, gentlemen; but at least we have revived that great and conservative institution, *the ministerial fish dinner.*" The picture is a satire upon the Tory promise and performance. The fish are the chief measures of the session: those in regard to the public-houses and factories, and the incomplete act for endowed schools, which is the half fish. The truth is that Mr. DISRAELI has shown during this session that "smartness" which gives all men who are in earnest the impression that he is a shifty trickster; but he has not strengthened the conviction that he is a serious statesman. It is, indeed, curious that the most important measure of the session, the one which not only occasioned the ablest debate for many years, but which has probably displaced Mr. GLADSTONE as the future leader of the Liberal party, which has stirred England more than any recent question, and is undoubtedly but the beginning of an agitation which may practically reconstruct parties, was not a government measure, but on the contrary was one upon which the members of the cabinet were divided, and which will probably lead to the retirement of one or more of the ministers.

This measure is the Public Worship Bill. It was a simple law enough in appearance, inasmuch as it was mainly a simplifying of the procedure against ritualistic clergymen in the English Church. In Mr. DISRAELI's phrase, it was a bill to put down ritualism. The chief significance of the bill, however, is not its relation to ritualism, or any ceremonial aspect whatever, but in its scope. It

is really a reversal of the spirit of the ecclesiastical policy of the Church of England for the last forty years. During all that time the policy has been conservative; that is to say, it has favored widening, or, in the true sense, catholicizing the Church as much as possible, retaining within the fold all those who by the most liberal interpretation could be retained, and this even to the degree of making the clerical subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles as general and vague as was at all tolerable. But the new bill reveals a new policy. It is one of restriction. It narrows instead of enlarging. It excludes a certain body, and consequently, alarming all who fear that for any reason they may hereafter be excluded, draws closer together in tacit opposition those who would not otherwise especially sympathize. They come together, as Dr. PUSEY said in a letter to the *Times*, like a scattered herd menaced by a common danger. For the logic of the bill, as Mr. LOWE stated, goes beyond vestments to doctrines. And Mr. GRANT DUFF said, what is really the startling truth and key of the position, that it is the beginning of disestablishment. For the narrowing and excluding policy inevitably multiplies and combines all the opponents of the Church, which is already torn with intestine feuds and exposed to immense and deepening skepticism, and leads straight to a party of disestablishment.

Viewed logically and in its ultimate results this Tory measure, ostensibly in the interest of the Establishment, is thus seen to be essentially revolutionary, while Mr. DISRAELI in supporting it is really a radical chief, and Mr. GLADSTONE in opposing it is a conservative leader. Those who think that Mr. GLADSTONE has made a fatal mistake and has lost position may, upon further reflection, perceive that in the agitation which can not fail to follow the action of Parliament upon this subject he stands as the champion of the Church Establishment, whose existence the agitation arising from the bill will threaten. And the champion of the Church of England as established, when he has the character, the consummate ability, and the experience of Mr. GLADSTONE, is not a man who has ceased to be a leader. Mr. GLADSTONE differs from Mr. DISRAELI in being not only an earnest, but a religious man. He sees, what Mr. DISRAELI can not, that while the ritualists are fond of Roman robes and practices, they are yet a powerful bulwark of the English Church against doubt and what is called irreligion. To alienate them is to remove that bulwark without erecting any thing in its place. And this new movement in English politics will undoubtedly show, like all political movements, that the man of convictions and ability is the real master of the situation.

A NATIONAL UNIVERSITY.

AT the late meeting of the American Educational Association in Detroit, President WHITE, of Cornell, read a paper in favor of the foundation of a national university. His sagacity and accomplishments, his great knowledge and experience, give peculiar weight to all that he says upon this subject, in which he is warmly interested. And without agreeing with his view, or thinking the project either good or feasible, we cordially sympathize with many of his criticisms upon existing institutions. The sectarian character and the scant resources of most of the colleges compel them to be recreant to the higher purposes of a university. Neither the highest standard of scholarship, nor a spirit of intellectual freedom, nor adequate equipment of any kind is possible to a school which depends upon the fees of pupils or theological whimsies. One absurd consequence of such foundations is a vast multitude of poor colleges, without proper libraries or apparatus or teachers; here, as Mr. WHITE remarks, a worthy Presbyterian giving an observatory to one college, and there a Baptist giving a telescope to another, but observatory and telescope separated by an impassable theological gulf, and neither the one nor the other being what the college most needs.

In the State of New York there are about twenty-five colleges, and in all of them there are faithful teachers and pupils most earnestly striving for knowledge. Yet one of the most accomplished academy teachers in the State said a few years since that he was prouder of the one boy that he fitted for Harvard or Yale than of all that he entered in New York colleges. And why? Simply because the scholarly standard of those two institutions was higher than that of smaller colleges. Yale, indeed, is sectarian, despite the disclaimer of Dr. M'COSH. For while it is true, as he said, that no pupil upon entering is asked his religious faith, and while the classics taught are not Calvinistic, nor the mathematics of the Methodist persuasion, the president, as we are informed, and the professors, or some of them, must be clergymen of a particular Church. But the renown which Yale has acquired notwithstanding such disadvantages, the force of tradition in sending a youth to the college of his father and grandfather, the prosperity which results from such influences, and the educational resources of every kind which thus become possible, have made Yale, as similar causes have made Harvard, more and more of a university. But both of them have become what they are despite the theological and sectarian character which they may have had, and they become satisfactory schools in the degree that sectarian stringency is relaxed.

Mr. WHITE would have a university established by the government no more sectarian than the National Observatory, amply endowed, and filled with masters in all literature, science, and art. But the movements that have been made in Congress show the impracticability of such a scheme, while the actual existence of a few really good colleges invites their enlargement and development as the better practical plan. Mr. CREERY, superintendent of the Baltimore schools, stated at the meeting in Detroit that the gift of Mr. JOHN HOPKINS for a university in Maryland amounts at this time to eight millions of dollars. This sum would be eight times as valuable had it been given to one of four institutions, Harvard, Yale, Cornell, or Michigan. And Mr. WHITE would doubtless say that this dispersion and waste of force and a sectarian bias must naturally follow dependence upon individual effort. There is such a danger, but his own Cornell is a noble proof that the sectarian taint is not inevitable, while the evils of a government scheme are evident. The views urged by President ELIOT of Harvard at the educational meeting last year still seem to us an unanswered argument against a national university.

OCCASIONAL PAPERS FROM EUROPE.

No. XXVII.

M. DE BROGLIE, who recently failed so signally in restoring the BOURBON dynasty, belongs to a highly respectable class of French politicians. He was born in 1821. His father was that Duc de Broglie who as peer and minister under LOUIS PHILIPPE was a profound admirer of the British Constitution, and would have provided France with a close copy of those institutions of which the people of England have long grown weary. His mother was the daughter of Madame DE STAËL. His grandfather, Prince VICTOR DE BROGLIE, perished by the guillotine. The present Duc, then Prince ALBERT DE BROGLIE, began in his youth a literary career. Although the heir to a large estate, and surrounded by all the temptations of Parisian society, he wrote as laboriously for the liberal journals as if he had found his appropriate occupation. He had been educated by his excellent father and his gifted mother with a precision and regularity that have received the high commendation of GUIZOT. Something of the literary fluency of DE STAËL had descended to her grandson. But in one trait he had wandered from the school of the NECKERS. He was a rigid and docile Roman Catholic. He boasts in a somewhat heavy work which he published on the Church of the Fourth Century that he had submitted it to his spiritual advisers, and that it had received the seal of orthodoxy. He even committed the unusual error of interpolating the *filioque* in the Nicene Creed. But in all political matters he was strictly honest. Like his father, he was a blind worshiper of English institutions. Peers seemed to DE BROGLIE the natural pillars of the state. The people he would never trust; and in his recent scheme for the government of France a House of Lords was to be formed at once, of which cardinals should always be members. The Protestant Church was wholly overlooked. Yet through all the imperial period, while he lived shut out from those political employments for which he had been so sedulously trained, young DE BROGLIE resisted all the temptations of the Tuileries. He was surrounded by spies and polite government officials on his ancestral estate in the department of Eure; it was whispered to him that he might be senator, minister, plenipotentiary, any thing, if he would yield to the seductions of Cæsarism. At one moment it was said that he had fallen like his friend PRÉVOST-PARADOL, and accepted a diplomatic appointment. But the report was false. The Duc de Broglie, for his father was now dead, remained faithful to his ancestral principles, and the spies and the tempters by whom he was still surrounded continued to open the letters that came to the DE BROGLIE family, as they had done for many years, and watched closely the chosen home of Orleanism. The empire fell, and the Duc came into the Chamber of Deputies. Here the narrowness of that education which had been so careful yet so limited, and the blindness of his priestly training, became unhappily too conspicuous. He had evidently submitted both his political and his historical opinions to the revision of the Church. He lost his honesty. He engaged in a plot to bring back the BOURBONS, and transformed an Assembly that had been chosen to serve the people into an instrument for subjecting them to a military rule. He has fallen back into obscurity, a signal example of the fatal effect of a class and caste education.

Marshal M'MAHON, born in 1808, is by nature and by habit a far more rigid enemy to republicanism than DE BROGLIE. Irish by descent, and Roman Catholic by instinct, he has always been governed by that Celtic impulse of caste which values itself chiefly upon a pedigree from BRIAN BORU, and prefers the squalor, indolence, and brutality of the past to the more honest progress of the nineteenth century. In his youth the blue-eyed, delicate Irish boy, whose father was the friend of CHARLES X., had been trained to the most violent loyalty, intense Romanism, and that extreme contempt for the welfare of the "lower classes" which can only be found among Irish politicians and Georgia planters. His young companions at school were all ROHANS, MONTMORENCYS, and LUYNES. They were more occupied with the exploits of their ancestors in slaying the infidel or massacring Huguenots than with the busy events around them. They hated freedom, despised a Bonapartist, and came out into life fit only for pilgrimages or barbarous war. Young M'MAHON chose the latter. He became a soldier of fortune. He took the oath indifferently to every new government: when CHARLES fell he followed LOUIS PHILIPPE, when the Orleans king fled he swore to maintain the republic of LAMARTINE. He was not true to his pledge: he went over to LOUIS NAPOLEON; he sustained a usurper whom he probably contemned, was the most unfortunate general of the German war, and when that massacre was ended M'MAHON again swore obedience to the republic of M. THIERS, and led the troops that forced their way into blazing Paris amidst a general slaughter of the "lower classes." For a time he seemed the chief support of the new government; but some secret impulse soon won him away. He betrayed or abandoned THIERS, as he had done so many rulers before; he engaged in the plot to bring back HENRI V., and when that failed had himself declared dictator of the nation. What may be the key of his future policy may not be told. Yet M'MAHON, weak, dull, brave, the fitting tool of others, remorseless, unsparing, the chief foe of republicanism, may be relied upon for any merciless deed against the liberties of France. His house is the favorite resort of the priests; his wife attends mass with the regularity of a *dévote;* and the wrongs of the Church and the sorrows of PIUS IX., the circle of the Élysée no doubt trusts, will yet find their avenger in the hitherto unlucky marshal.

Still further in advance of M'MAHON and DE BROGLIE is M. VEUILLOT. One sees for sale at all the kiosks of the boulevards a small sheet, which has become famous as the *Univers*. It is purchased by the ultramontanes, and the keepers of the kiosks, who are sometimes republicans, look up curiously as one asks for the papal journal. The *Univers* has long been the terror of Gallicanism and the advocate of the papal supremacy over all lands. It waged war with all who opposed the papal infallibility, and helped to force the doctrine upon unwilling Europe. M. VEUILLOT now hopes to re-animate the France of LOUIS XIV., to place on the throne a "Christian King," as HENRI V. is accustomed to entitle himself, to reduce the "lower classes" to a perfect subjection, and let loose the French legions upon Germany. His bitter yet lucid declamation is delivered in excellent French, and with all the ardor of sincere conviction. He is so sincere or so bigoted that he would permit no one to live upon the earth who does not think as he does. Yet in his youth M. VEUILLOT was a skeptic and a Bohemian. He fought three duels. His sharp and unsparing style recommended him to THIERS and GUIZOT; he became a famous editor of doctrinaire journals. But in 1838 VEUILLOT, like LUTHER, went to Rome, though with a very different result, and, overpowered and converted by the pomps and processions of Holy-week, returned to Paris a believer in the divinity of the Pope. His old friends looked with doubt upon the new Christian, who soon began to assail them in fierce and constant attacks, and to whose Christianity mercy and tenderness seemed no necessary element; even the clergy distrusted him; but he continued to pour forth religious treatises and poems amidst a storm of Parisian ridicule, and at last, in 1843, became editor of the *Univers*. This paper for nearly thirty years has preached the fiercest ultramontanism. It has been more than once suppressed. It revived again. M. VEUILLOT has become the terror of the moderate clergy. The mouth-piece and favorite of the Pope, VEUILLOT rules over papal France with the rigor of a BERNARD. He is the censor and superior of its clergy; and if Europe is not now raging and withering under a new war in defense of the papal supremacy, it is from no want of violent appeals and fiery declamation on the part of M. VEUILLOT.

To revive the distinction of caste in France, to create a subject plebs and a fixed order of nobility, of priests and princes, is the common aim of all the reactionary factions; to eradicate that notion of popular equality and popular sovereignty which was the single principle that guided the American reformers of 1776 and the French revolutionists of 1789 is the avowed purpose of ultramontanes like M. VEUILLOT, of the monarchists who labor to bring back HENRI V., and the Bonapartists who would restore the imperial rule. To the ultramontanes the conception of a government of the people is odious, and even impious. In their theory of politics the Pope is the universal despot, before whom even the bishops tremble, and against whose authority the people have no appeal. At present they are content with demanding that the priests shall have the control of every school and college in France, as in all other lands; that the Papal Church shall be endowed with a certain supremacy over all the sects; that every king shall be a Roman Catholic, and every noble an obedient son of the Church. They would renew a prelatical caste in France, ruling over a faithful commonalty, and crush by the aid of the secular arm every tendency to dissent. The rights and liberties of the people, and every project for their elevation and general welfare, find no support in the ambitious priesthood who seek only their own favorite aims. The three factions, the Legitimists, Orleanists, and Bonapartists, court the aid of the Church as their chief reliance in their crusade against popular sovereignty. To depress the "lower classes" and erect once more the shattered fabric of feudalism, DE BROGLIE and M'MAHON are as ready as M. VEUILLOT to lay France at the feet of the Pope. Ultramontanism has wholly extirpated the notion of Gallican independence, and all the reactionary leaders of the French profess an abject devotion to Rome. The Bonapartists point to the well-known fact that NAPOLEON III. died professing his regret that he had ever opposed the doctrine of the papal infallibility, and had promised, should he survive and recover his empire, to take up arms in defense of the temporal power. They may suggest that EUGÉNIE and her son have been trained in the strictest school of the Jesuits and VEUILLOT. The Legitimists may boast that HENRI V. has proclaimed himself a "Christian King," and DE BROGLIE and M'MAHON have proved their devotion to the Church by frequent acts of illegal partiality. Whichever of these factions triumphs, the Pope will be the master of France, and the Church reign supreme amidst a total destruction of the liberties of the people.

Thus once more have priests and nobles, the princes and the Pope, conspired to destroy the cardinal principle of modern progress, and testify their common hatred for the doctrine of popular rule. All join to reduce the French people to the condition of a subject caste, and take from them the inheritance of freedom which their fathers won in 1789. The contest is renewed in France that was determined with us in 1783 and in 1865. If the conspirators against freedom succeed, a government will be founded dangerous to the peace of Europe, pledged to a war upon modern civilization; it will make little difference whether its nominal head is M'MAHON, HENRI V., or EUGÉNIE. But it would spread signal joy through every free land should the people of France rise in every village and hamlet to dissipate the plots against human equality, and with overwhelming unanimity begin a new career of republicanism and liberal progress.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE committee appointed to investigate the charges of Theodore Tilton against the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher reported unanimously to Plymouth Church on Friday evening, 28th ult., completely exonerating the accused pastor, saying, "We find nothing whatever in the evidence that should impair the perfect confidence of Plymouth Church or the world in the Christian character and integrity of Henry Ward Beecher."

Several State Conventions were held during the week, as follows: The Louisiana Conservatives met at Baton Rouge on the 24th ult., and nominated J. C. Moncure for State Treasurer. In Alabama on the 22d the Republicans nominated for Governor Davis P. Lewis; for Lieutenant-Governor, Alexander M'Kinstry. The Democrats of Illinois on the 26th nominated Charles Carroll, of Gallatin, for State Treasurer, and S. M. Etter for School Superintendent. The Ohio Democrats on the same day nominated William Bell for Secretary of State. The Republicans of Michigan nominated for Governor J. J. Bagley; for Lieutenant-Governor, H. H. Holt; and for Secretary of State, E. G. D. Holden. The Kansas Republicans renominated Thomas A. Osborn for Governor. On the 27th the Missouri Democrats nominated for Governor Charles H. Hardin; and for Lieutenant-Governor, V. J. Coleman. The Delaware Democrats nominated John P. Cochran for Governor, and James Williams for Congress. In Pennsylvania John Latta was nominated for Lieutenant-Governor. The New Jersey Republicans nominated George A. Halsey for Governor.

Lieutenant-General Sheridan has issued an order notifying parties now reported organizing at various points on the border to visit the Black Hills in search of gold that they will not be permitted to go, unless under authority of the Secretary of the Interior or of Congress.

FOREIGN NEWS.

SWEDEN has formally recognized the Spanish republic. The Carlists are still fighting. They have extinguished the coast lights between San Sebastian and Bilbao. Two attacks have been made on Puigcerda by the Carlists, but without success. The losses of the assailants were very heavy.

The latest estimates in regard to the extent and effects of the famine in India show that 8,000,000 natives are still dependent on charitable relief. Further distress is threatened in Tirhoot, where the weather has been excessively dry. Unless rain falls soon the harvest will prove a failure.

The Royal Mail Packet Company's steam-ship *Liffey* was totally wrecked on the coast of Uruguay recently. None of the crew or passengers were lost.

The Chinese are reported to be threatening the Russian province of Kuldja. The Russians, on the other hand, are constructing a military road from Semipalatinsk to the Chinese frontier.

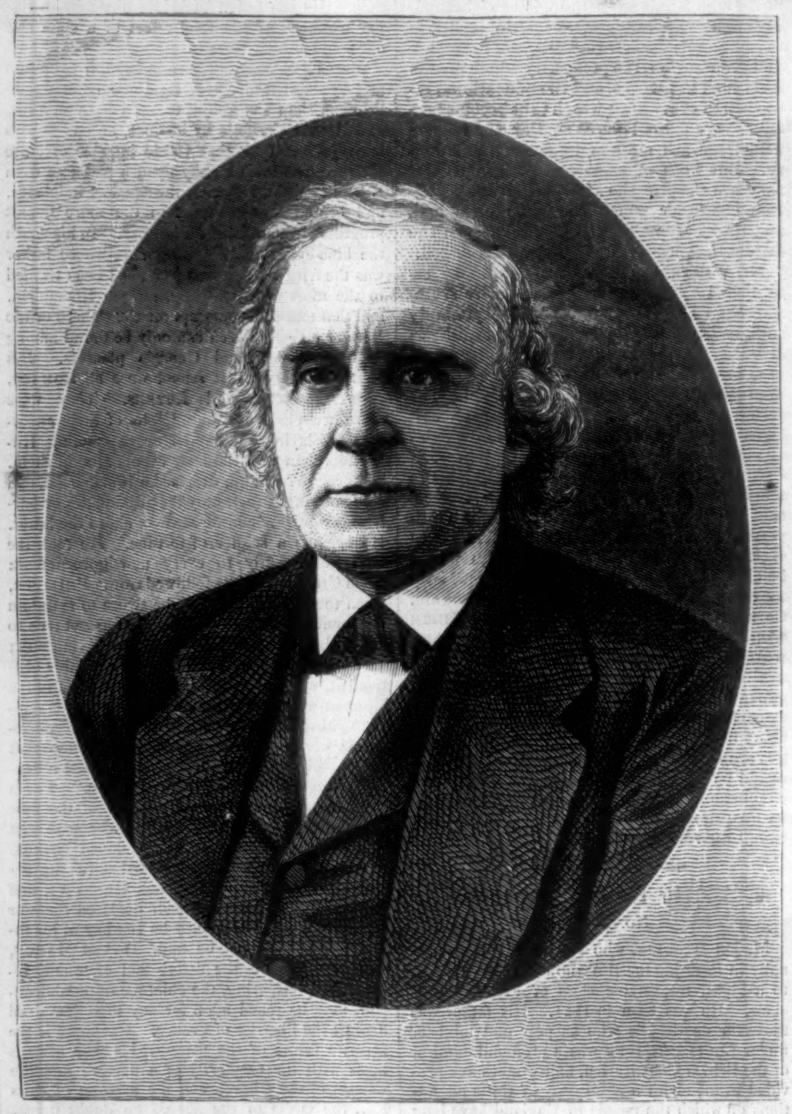
The strike among the operatives in the Belfast factories is ended, and the 40,000 workmen have resumed labor at reduced wages.

REV. ELISHA E. L. TAYLOR, D.D.

Rev. Dr. Taylor, whose death occurred August 18, 1874, had been thirty-four years a resident of Brooklyn, and was for twenty-five years one of its prominent pastors. He was born in Delphi, Onondaga County, New York, September 25, 1815, entered what is now Madison University in 1831, and after completing his classical and theological studies, was graduated in 1839. After another year spent with his *alma mater* as resident graduate, he became pastor of the Pierrepont Street Baptist Church, in Brooklyn. The church had just been organized at that time, but during the nine years of Dr. Taylor's pastorate it became large and strong. In 1849 members of it organized the Strong Place Baptist Church, and Dr. Taylor was its first pastor. It became under his care one of the most vigorous and influential churches in Brooklyn. He resigned this pastorate on account of ill health in 1865, when the members testified their appreciation of his sixteen years' highly successful service with them by a gift of $20,000. During his two pastorates he baptized into the fellowship of his churches over 1100 persons. Shortly after leaving the pulpit he became connected with the American Baptist Home Mission Society, was soon made an Associate Secretary, and three months before his death was made the sole Corresponding Secretary of the Society. A constant and conscientious worker, and a man of rare executive abilities, frank and sincere in his friendships, he inspired others with the utmost confidence in his integrity and good judgment, and became a leader in the great enterprises of his denomination. The utterance of his convictions was outspoken and free, yet characterized by a just charity for those who differed from him. He won the respect of the wise and good of every name, and took a deep interest in the prosperity and good name of Brooklyn. His whole life was sincerely devoted to all that becomes a citizen, a gentleman, and a Christian minister.

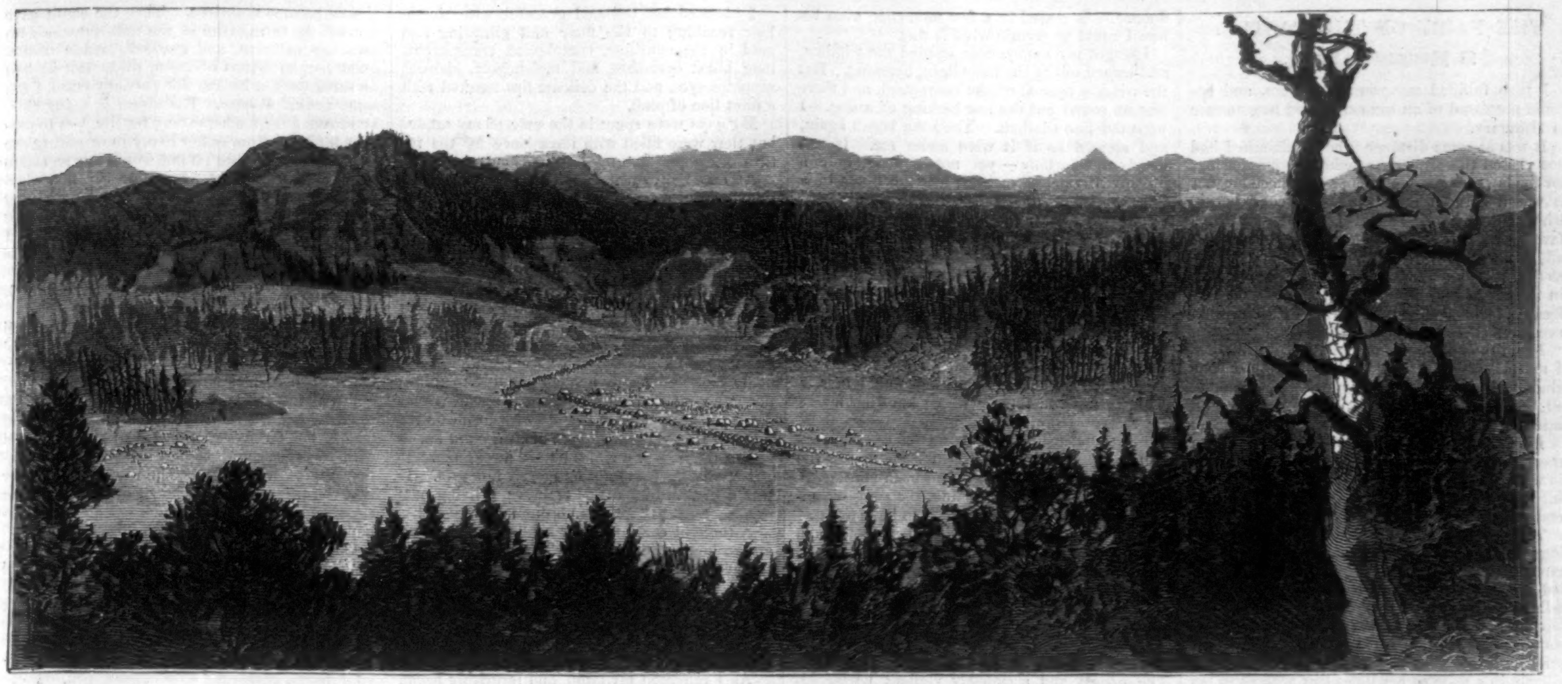
THE FLOATING HOSPITAL OF ST. JOHN'S GUILD.

One of the most worthy and far-reaching of the many charities existing in this city, known as "St. John's Guild," was founded by the Rev. Alvah Wiswall, its present Master, nearly nine years ago. Since that time it has carried on an extensive work among the poor of the metropolis. Its plan is to have a volunteer visitor for every block of tenement-houses, so that in times of great destitution or sickness every family can be immediately visited and cared for. By this means as many as 8000 poor families have been visited in the space of three days. Last winter this organization assisted, after thorough investigation at their homes, 7000 families, of, say, 35,000 individuals, while 3000 applicants were found to be impostors, and were turned away. During the winter over 123,000 packages of groceries, 40,000 loaves of bread, 5993 pounds of tea, and 15,000 garments were distributed, and yet the fund was not taxed a single cent for salaries or office rent. Some of the most wealthy and fashionable ladies and gentlemen of New York rank among its volunteers. But the good work is not confined to the winter-time. The poor are looked after the year round. This summer the Guild has established a "Floating Hospital," the object of which is to enable mothers to take their sick children from the noisome dens in which so many live, out upon the waters of river, bay, and sound, where they may breathe the pure air that re-invigorates their drooping bodies. Competent physicians accompany these excursions and tenderly examine and prescribe for the little ones. Tickets are distributed free by the dispensary physicians, visitors of the Guild, the police, and others. On one recent trip there were no less than 1478 persons on board the barge, of whom 431 were mothers or persons having children in charge, 380 were young infants, while the remainder were between the ages of two and eight years, or cripples and adult invalids. There were no cases of contagious diseases, but there were 293 cases of cholera infantum, 73 of marasmus, and 640 cases of debility resulting from impure air and lack of proper nourishment. During the day two simple and bountiful meals were served on board, and the quantity of beef, bread, milk, tea, rice, and butter consumed indicated that good food, and enough of it, were unaccustomed luxuries to many. The scene on deck, where were so many weary-eyed and pale-faced children, could but awaken feelings of pity and tenderness. One poor woman held in her arms her third and only remaining child, dying from marasmus. She brought her into the cabin of the barge, and sat gazing steadfastly and tenderly into the baby's wasted face. In reply to a question of the kindly stewardess, she said, her voice choking her, "I thought just now she was dying in my arms, and I wanted to sit down here where no one would see me, and let her die as easily as possible." "Yes," she added, in response to a pitying word, "I've not taken my clothes off nor slept a night in six weeks, but I'd gladly sit up six weeks more to save my little darling's life;" and the poor, tired, heart-wrung mother gave way to her grief, and her tears fell silently and swiftly on the dress of her child. Later, under the care of the physician, the babe revived a little, opened its eyes, and moved its wasted limbs, and the mother took a little comfort from a feeble hope. To many a sick child the Floating Hospital has proved a "life-boat" indeed.



REV. ELISHA E. L. TAYLOR, D.D.—[From a Photograph by Whitney, Norwalk, Connecticut.]

THE FLOATING HOSPITAL OF St. JOHN'S GUILD.—[Drawn by E. A. Abbey.]

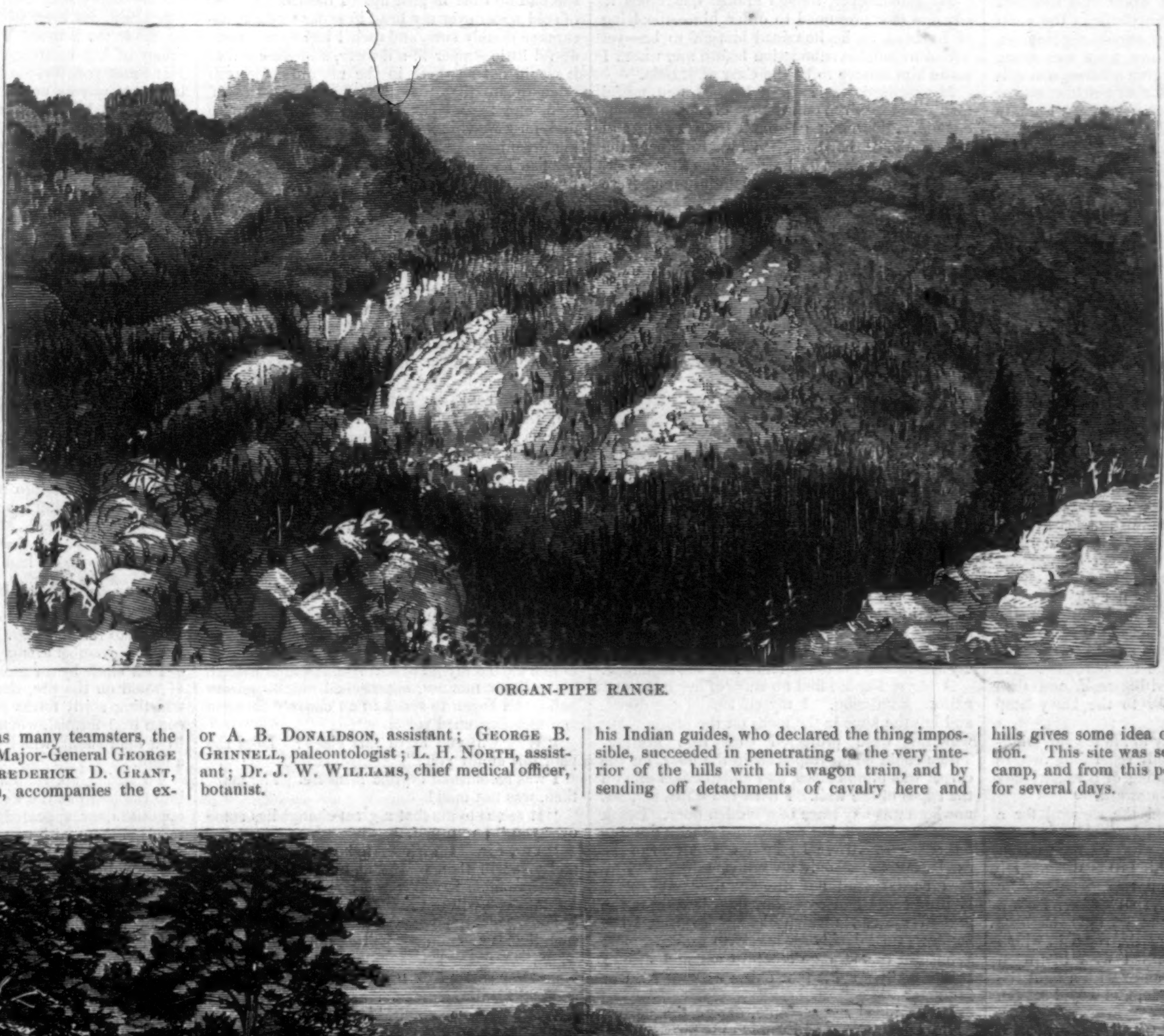


CAMP WHERE GOLD WAS FIRST DISCOVERED—CUSTER GULCH ON THE LEFT.

THE BLACK HILLS EXPEDITION.

No expedition since the war has attracted more attention or excited more interest than the one which left Fort Abraham Lincoln, Dakota, on the 2d of July, to explore the Black Hills. This region of country, lying in the southwestern part of Dakota, and extending some distance into Wyoming, and slightly indenting Montana (as shown in the map printed in a recent number of the *Weekly*), has, until this summer, in its interior been entirely unexplored by the white man. Previous expeditions have skirted the hills, but never penetrated them, and we have been dependent on the reports and traditions of the Indians for the little we have known of them. The hostility of the Indians has defeated any attempts to explore the country by civilian parties.

The present expedition was entirely a military one, and consisted of ten companies of the Seventh cavalry, two companies of infantry, and three pieces of artillery, in all about 700 soldiers, with the addition of a train of 120 wagons, and about as many teamsters, the whole under command of Major-General George A. Custer. Colonel Frederick D. Grant, the President's oldest son, accompanies the expedition as aid to General Custer. The scientific corps consists of Colonel William Ludlow, U. S. Engineer Corps; W. H. Wood, assistant; Professor N. H. Winchell, geologist; Professor A. B. Donaldson, assistant; George B. Grinnell, paleontologist; L. H. North, assistant; Dr. J. W. Williams, chief medical officer, botanist.

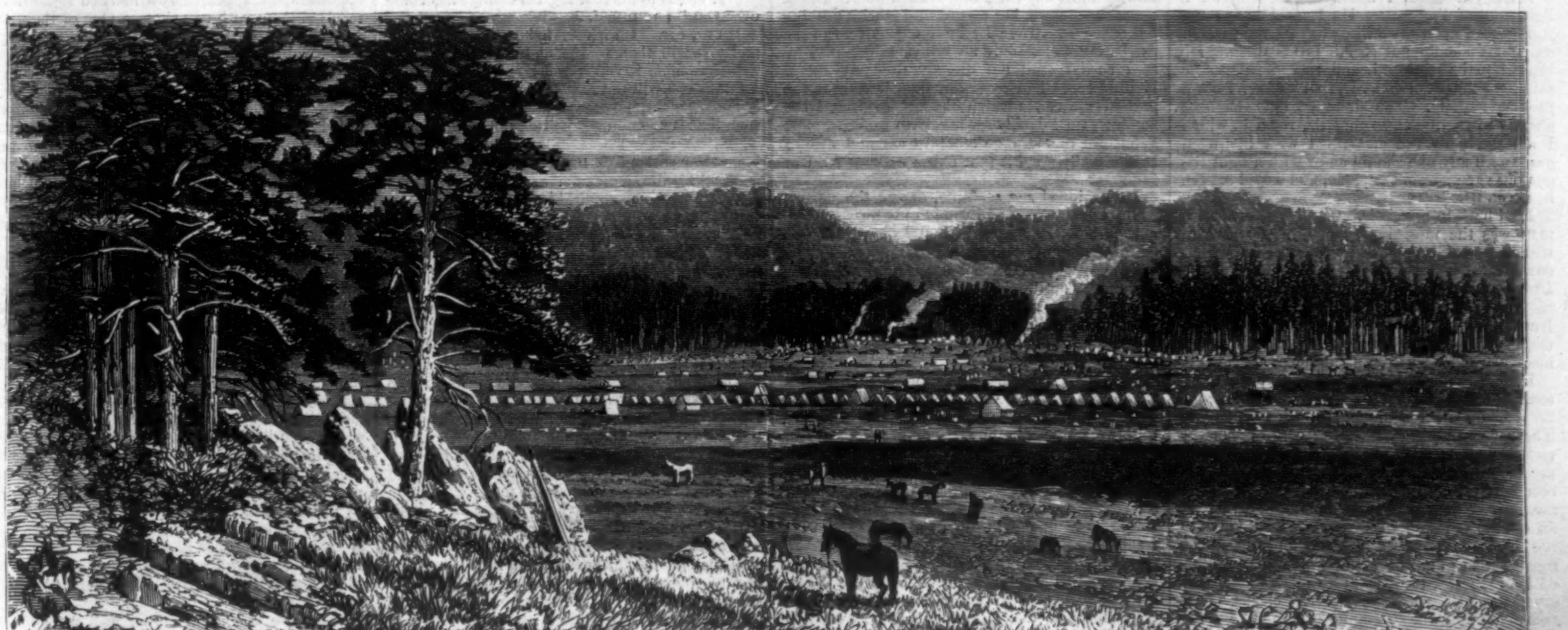


ORGAN-PIPE RANGE.

The expedition reached the Black Hills about the 20th of July, after a march of eighteen days, mostly over an arid, treeless, desert country. General Custer, in spite of the prophecies of his Indian guides, who declared the thing impossible, succeeded in penetrating to the very interior of the hills with his wagon train, and by sending off detachments of cavalry here and there, has succeeded in exploring and mapping the hills through their entire length and breadth. The country is found to be of great scenic beauty, as shown by our illustrations on this page, and is luxuriant in vegetation, abundant in game, timber, and good water. Thousands of acres of fertile land invite settlement. The country, however, is a part of the Sioux Reservation, and can not be opened to the whites until the government shall make some satisfactory arrangement with the Indians.

On the 31st of July gold was discovered along the banks of a creek on which the expedition was encamped, the best pans yielding from five to ten cents' worth of gold, equivalent to fifty dollars a day to the man, if the yield should prove as good as promised.

We present a view taken on the spot, showing the camp near which gold was discovered. A portion of Custer Gulch, as it was named by the miners, is seen on the left. The Organ-pipe Range was so called by the party from the peculiar shape of the tall granite range found near the park. A camp view of the principal park in the hills gives some idea of the size of the expedition. This site was selected for the permanent camp, and from this point detachments radiated for several days.



THE CAMP IN THE PARK.

THE BLACK HILLS EXPEDITION.—[From Photographs by W. H. Illingworth.]

THE FAIRY OF THE CASTLE.

A Hungarian Story.

I HAD fulfilled my youthful dream, and become possessed of an old castle and large estate in Hungary.

It was at some distance from Pesth, and I had not visited the property previous to purchasing, for the lawyer's representations convinced me that it was a bargain, even with the incumbrances, which consisted of an adopted daughter and some favorite servants of the late count. These were all, however, provided with annuities by his will, so that it only remained to endure their presence in the castle, and if they should prove to be serviceable, I should already be provided with servants accustomed to their routine of duties.

From the lawyer's manner on discovering that I myself intended to reside in the castle I concluded that it bore the reputation of being haunted, and rather reveled in the anticipation of bringing to light the secret terrors of the place.

I wrote to the steward to send a carriage to meet me at the nearest station. This I found in waiting, with a prim coachman, in deep mourning, which I at first supposed to be for the late count.

The man understood his business. His driving was faultless. But his continual sighs and moans, alternated with weeping outright, at last led me to questions, which resulted in his confiding to me that he was mourning for his sin in having murdered his younger brother. I was somewhat startled. But in spite of his violent grief he drove well, and soon brought me to the village, in a state of bewilderment both as to his actions and my duty in the case.

Some time before we reached the castle we saw the porter posted on a large stone, in military attitude, and shouldering a long stick as if it were a rifle. As we approached, he shrieked, in a fearful tone, "Present arms!" and began to imitate the sounds of the drum and trumpet, while with his stick he went through the eight movements of the Austrian parade regulations, after which he jumped down from the stone, mounted the stick as if it were a horse, and galloped before the carriage like an outrider, all the time shouting, "A master is master even in hell!" When we reached the gate the porter dismounted, and stood like a post, saluting me as I sprang from the wagon, and retaining the most precise military attitude. I looked at him sharply. He had an honest, open countenance, stamped with faithfulness and loyalty. This man was not drunk, but, it would seem, somewhat out of his head.

I next encountered the gamekeeper, who speechlessly turned his back in answer to my inquiries; but in a moment there appeared the valet, a gay fellow of over forty, with his face wrinkled into the most comical expressions by habitual laughter. He was communicative, and well trained in his duties. While assisting me off with my overcoat, Louis informed me that the three servants I had previously encountered were all mad. By the time he had shown me to the steward's apartments it was sufficiently apparent that he himself was at least equally so, though his was perhaps a less disagreeable monomania. The prospect was not cheering. I was thankful to find the steward, at least, a rational man. He was remarkably well informed with regard to his duties, although his appearance would rather have indicated a public officer than a farm steward. After a long conversation, during which he informed me that the adopted daughter was also insane, I asked him for a pen and ink, in order to write to the lawyer from whom I had made the purchase. He politely showed me his writing-desk, and then brought me a lamp similar to the Davy-lamp used by miners.

I wrote somewhat sharply to the lawyer, winding up by saying that the only redeeming feature in this bedlam was the finding of a remarkably sensible and well-educated steward.

Having finished, I asked the steward for a light and sealing-wax. He begged me to use wafers, and upon my still preferring wax, insisted that I should not seal it in his room. He begged to be pardoned, and turned pale as he said: "I must tell you, Sir, that I suffer from a peculiar malady. The air in my lungs changes quickly to hydrogen, so that the room in which I am gradually becomes filled with hydrogen gas, and if any one should enter with a light the gaseous vapors would explode, and would set the house on fire."

I fell back in my chair. Good Heavens! this man was the most insane of all. I was here with six mad people, and was myself the seventh; for I had *bought* this splendid company. I tore up the letter, and despairingly sought my room. Having locked the door after the valet, I noticed that the fire was burning brightly, and that the supper stood upon the table, and could not but wonder what madman had cooked it.

I could not sleep. I turned over in my mind scores of plans for getting rid of the property or for leasing it, but none seemed practicable. There was only the one thing certain—that I *must* get away. Excitement played tricks with my imagination: the old count seemed to descend from his frame on the wall and approach me, murmuring, "Now I have another fool;" an old clock began to strike, and kept on into the hundreds; the bed was uncomfortable; the moon shone in and tormented me, till I curtained it out, lest I too should go mad, as was every thing else, servants, pictures, clocks, beds, and moonlight. I sprang up in a rage, resolved that the morning should rid me of my tormentors.

Suddenly something began to steal over me which quieted thought. What was it, song or music?—a tone escaped from the harmony of the spheres? I knew not whence it came; but it was enchanting, and exerted a wonderful influence. It ceased in a few moments, even before I could be certain what it was.

I forgot my annoyances, opened the window, and leaned out in the moonlight, listening. But the window opened on the court-yard, and there was no sound but the low barking of a dog. I went out into the hall. The song began again, and seemed as if it were under me. It was deeply melancholy—yet not a song, only a dreamy, rhymeless melody, like the notes of a forest bird, but so charming and beautiful that I stood enchanted, forgetful of my surroundings.

As it ceased I wondered if this could be the insane girl whom the steward had said had no language but song. I took a light and started in search of some position where I could hear better; but the old castle seemed to have been built from a labyrinthine model. I went through the first story, and up and down stairs, and along innumerable halls, till at last I opened a door which seemed familiar, and found myself again in my own room, without knowing how I got there. I noticed that my bed was remade, the fire replenished, and that a thick green curtain was drawn over the count's picture at the foot of the bed. Some one had been here!

While I remained, listening, the song recommenced, but this time it seemed to be above me.

I lay down again, and fell into a sleep, from which I awoke in a different frame of mind. I resolved to stay here, to continue the count's good work, and to unravel the riddle of the nocturnal songstress.

After a residence of half a year I had discovered various means of dealing with and even decreasing some of the peculiarities of my servants. The honest and sleeplessly vigilant porter, although most foolish, gave me least care of all. The poor dunce had only one ardent wish—to wear a red coat, such as he had once seen on a fox-hunter. After that, I believe the already devoted fellow was ready to go through fire and water for me.

My gamekeeper, though almost dangerous if any one else presumed to order him—the King of Lapland, as he imagined himself to be—yet bowed in humble submission before me, whom I made him believe to be the Czar of Russia.

My steward was such a learned and useful man that I resolved on a heroic cure of his monomania. I brought gas-pipes from Pesth, and endeavored to bargain with him to supply the castle with gas from his breath. The shock occasioned by my proposition threw him into a severe illness, but he arose from it an entirely sane man.

There were only two remaining in the house who had not been, at least in a measure, benefited by my system of cure: one was my invisible siren, and the other was myself, who was in love with her.

As soon as daylight was gone her song began—a song of the lark from human lips; it came and went, sometimes soothing me to sleep, and sometimes waking me, but I could never discover whence it came.

Nay, more—when I slept she came and went in my room, often remaining hours. I had several means of knowing this: I always left a lamp burning on my table. When I woke it was always extinguished, and being turned down instead of blown out, had evidently been touched by a human hand. This was to prevent my seeing her should I suddenly awake. Again, there was a clock near my bed; this I wound up myself before retiring. If I fell asleep at eleven o'clock, and awoke at four or five, the clock would stand at one or two, and yet it went correctly in the daytime. My invisible caller stopped the clock, so that its striking should not awaken me, and started it again when she left. By this means I could tell how long she remained.

And yet I could find no trace of her means of gaining admission. I myself locked the doors, and left the keys in the locks on the inside. My windows were protected with iron grating. There could be no trap-door in the floor, for the carpet was of one piece, and nailed down around the edges of the wall. I tried the walls, too, but nowhere was any trace of a hidden door. I took down the picture, but was rewarded with nothing but cobwebs. Then I examined the roof of the castle, but found only an immense quantity of seed corn spread out directly over my room. Neither could I discover any door leading to the part of the castle which she occupied, and her windows were doubly secured with iron gratings. What did this strange creature eat and drink? Is she really a spirit that exists without food or raiment?

I questioned my servants, except the porter, who I knew beforehand would only answer, "A master is master even in hell," whereas I was not master in my own house. The steward knew nothing of the secret, but he assisted me in my researches, and was as much astonished as myself at what I related. The coachman crossed himself, told a story of a ghost, and prayed I would allow masses to be said for the repose of her soul.

My valet, Louis, said it was a wonderfully beautiful enchanted girl, who dressed in gold and silver, who drank only dew, and lived on the nectar of flowers, like a butterfly. At her will she can change into air, and pass invisibly through doors. When it should come winter I must notice the frost-pictures on my windows. If I should find a round, melted spot among the flowers, that would be the point through which she had vanished. He had, at least, a poetical idea of the matter. Not so the little gnome-like gamekeeper, who declared it to be no good spirit. At night she changed into a were-wolf, and ate little children. He claimed to have met her often in the forest, and tried to shoot her, but she seemed bullet-proof.

In vain I tried feigning sleep. She seemed to understand my stratagem, and I could even hear her laughing, somewhere near me, surely, but where?

I pictured her tall and graceful, with blonde hair reaching to the floor and glittering like gold in the sunshine, complexion transparent, long black eyelashes, and melancholy, lustrous sapphire eyes, and the delicate lips marked with a faint line of pink.

My days were spent in the care of my estate, but they were filled with impatience for the return of evening and my fairy enchantress.

At last I dreamed of sitting with her under the shade of a pomegranate-tree, while the sun, mirrored in the lake before us, threw its reflection upon her angelic face. In my dream I gave her one of the apples, which she pronounced sour. I then took one myself, and putting it between my lips, told her it was sweet, and that she must take a bite of it. Oh, the absurd ideas we have in dreams! She leaned over, smiling, looked at me with her glorious blue eyes, and came nearer and nearer to take the red kernel. Then suddenly she passionately pressed her lips to mine, not like a spirit or dream-picture, but as a real human being. Beside myself with unspeakable rapture, I quickly threw both arms around her—and at the instant a sharp outcry awoke me.

No, all that could not be merely a dream. It was a human kiss, a real embrace, a living outcry. And yet there was no one in the room!

A thought came into my head. I sprang up and rushed to the chimney. Then I was ashamed to have imagined that my fairy could have come through the flue! And to render the idea utterly absurd, the grate was still full of glowing cinders, and it was, besides, shut in with iron bars.

My heart was still beating from the embrace, and my lips burning from the kiss.

As I relighted my lamp, and feverishly began to pace up and down the room, a strange object suddenly met my sight—a tiny embroidered slipper, so fine and delicate that it might well have been worn by no earthly foot. At last I had proof that she had been in my room, had sat by me, and fled in haste, losing the slipper, which she had no time to pick up. I dashed a pitcher of cold water over my head in order to make assurance doubly sure, and then I locked this wonderful little slipper in a drawer, still feeling that it would not be there in the morning, for men often dream that they have found treasures of gold, and have locked it in an iron chest, to find, on awakening, that it was only a tantalizing dream.

Then I went to bed again and slept later than my custom.

As soon as I was fairly awake in the morning I pulled out the drawer of my writing-desk, in order to assure myself that the last night's experience was either a reality or a dream. The slipper still lay there, just the same, of white lace and red ribbons, and a Julian flower and butterfly in the finest embroidery.

From this time on it seemed impossible for me to stay in the house. Day and night with every thought intent on solving a riddle to which there seemed no key, I should soon be as crazy as the rest of the household had ever been. No, there must be an end of it! Idealistic dreams are very beautiful, but they did not suit my constitution. I resolved to quit the castle and return to Pesth, and either rent the estate or leave it in the hands of the steward. Accordingly I called the servants together, and told them my plan. For a year after my departure I would continue their wages in addition to the allowance made them by the will of the late count. I then dismissed them unceremoniously, for I was getting into that state of mind in which I did not wish to see any face about me. All departed except the foolish door-keeper. Of course he was going to tell me that "A master is master even in hell!" To my great surprise, the man put off his military manner, approached me, kissed my hand, and began to speak in an entirely changed and unaccustomed voice.

"Why will you leave this place? Does the poor girl annoy you?"

I was astonished beyond measure. The man, then, was not mad!

"It seems to me that a great change has come over you," I returned.

"Yes, Sir. I wish to tell you every thing, and you will then understand much that up to this time must have seemed strange; and then, I think, you will not leave the castle."

His manner, language, and expression were such that I involuntarily invited him to sit down, which he did. I was now convinced that he knew the secrets of the castle, and anxiously awaited his developments.

"The deceased count," he said, "had an unfortunate secret alliance. Wishing to make reparation to his child, who was motherless from her birth, he brought her here in order to educate and lawfully adopt her. But he was not permitted to make full reparation on earth. The girl grew very beautiful, but never learned to speak. She is not deaf and dumb, for she sings and notices the slightest sound. But she never speaks a word; she *only* sings. Like a forest bird, she has different tones, with which she makes known her pleasures or griefs to those who understand her speech. The poor count and I learned this music language, and I understand her. I was the count's only confidant. He once said to me: 'If I should die, leaving testimony that this child was mine, what would happen to her? People would certainly consider her crazy, which she is not. She has understanding, a good heart, natural affection, and comprehends human thought. Still they would put her in some insane asylum, and so make her really idiotic. How shall I prevent this?' Then the count had the strange thought to make an asylum out of his own castle for the sake of the child. From far and near in the vicinity he brought together the village dunces, and the steward he brought directly from an insane asylum. I was the only one of all who was in possession of my five senses, but I pretended the worst madness of all, so that the affair should become notorious. Then the count gave himself up to the care of the unfortunates with ceaseless patience, and gradually made docile, quiet human beings of them, till at last he had no servants that he had not partially cured from some mental disease. His object in doing this, and leaving them a home here for life, was to prevent his heirs from either living in or selling the castle, for he thought no one would buy an estate under such conditions. I confess, Sir, that when you first came I counted on your not remaining more than two months in the castle. It is built with secret passages between all the rooms. I myself do not know how they are arranged. Viola alone possesses the secret."

Viola! The name startled me. And yet it would well suit my fancy-picture.

"In this way Viola comes down to the hall every night, where I have her food prepared. If I should die, the steward would care for her. On these occasions I often spoke to her of you, and was surprised to find that the poor girl, instead of being afraid of the stranger who had bought her father's castle, was so much pleased with you that she sighs and blushes at the mention of your name. Yes, she even let me know that she was accustomed to sit by you while you slept, and guard your dreams. You have perhaps not known that before?"

Oh, I knew it very well.

"The child is not insane; but if you should go away now, she certainly would become so. To-day she came to me weeping. I could not imagine what had happened. As she became somewhat calmer she made me understand that while you were asleep she had again stolen to your room, and—had even kissed you. I can not describe the tender, modest smile with which she acknowledged it. Then, frightened, she covered her face and fell upon her knees, wringing her hands, with a beseeching look, and the tones of a wounded bird entreating the hunter not to kill or imprison it. Viola prays that you will not be angry with her. She will not disturb you again, not even with her singing. She will be still in the house. You shall not even be conscious of her existence; only pardon her this. But I pray you, Sir, not to leave the castle. You know its secrets now. We who are here love you so much! No one but you could so well manage these poor unfortunates. I really do not believe that Viola will visit you again; but if you should accidentally meet her, you will act with that thoughtfulness which every prosperous human being owes to the unfortunate."

I became suddenly aware of the fact that my porter and I were shaking hands in a friendly way; but I had already grown accustomed to extraordinary proceedings.

Having assured him that I would remain, and that I was not angry with Viola, I begged he would no longer keep up the *rôle* of an idiot in my presence.

For two months I never once heard the voice of my fairy. I was like one who has lost a friend, whom he nightly dreams is alive again, and who ponders how strange it is that any body can be alive who is certainly dead.

About this time a bold band of robbers began to spread terror throughout the neighborhood; they had broken into many of the neighboring castles, committing robberies, and shooting whoever opposed them. My neighbors advised me to be on my guard, for a gentleman, happening to pass my village, had been taken for me and robbed on the highway, and it seemed pretty certain that my turn would come. But I was too much given up to my dreams to pay much attention to the warning.

One November evening—it was sleeting bitterly—I sat alone by my grate, piling stick after stick of wood on the fire, and watching the glowing, whistling spirit forms into which the wood became transformed, when suddenly I was aroused by a loud shout, which was quickly followed by a shot.

To spring up, snatch my revolver, and rush into the hall was the work of an instant. In the opposite door appeared two masked figures. I received them with two shots. One of them returned my fire without effect, the other fell, apparently badly wounded, and was dragged out by his comrade, who again shot at me through the half-open door. I partly covered myself with my own door, and stood ready to meet another attack. At the moment I became aware that others were endeavoring to force an entrance at the opposite door of my room. I was attacked on both sides. In this emergency I thought how fortunate it would have been if the fire were burning less brightly. As it was, I presented a distinct mark for the robbers' aim.

Scarcely had this thought passed through my mind when the room became dark, and as I looked in astonishment toward the chimney, I was startled to see that the grate and the fire had vanished, and in their place stood a pale white-robed figure, with a lamp in one trembling hand, and shading its flame with the other. She was the embodied picture of my dreams!

After a second's hesitation my fairy ran to me, seized my hand, and drew me toward the open space in the chimney, when the enchanted floor instantly began to descend. Here, then, was the key to the mystery. The whole foundation of the chimney, with the fire-grate, ascended into the flue, leaving beneath it an opening which took us half a story lower. Between the ground-floor and that above it was a space high enough for a grown person to stand upright, and which was yet not discoverable either from without or within.

When we reached a corner wall my strange rescuer again drew me to her, and pushed back a bar in the wall, when the square on which we stood quickly ascended. Here, also, as in my room, was the secret outlet under the chimney, through which I was now so magically led.

I felt as if waked from a dream. A moment

before in mortal danger, and now safe in this quiet spot with my fairy.

Here was the apparition of my dream! This was the being who had kissed me under the pomegranate-tree! The same countenance, the same eyes, the same silent lips—and now also again the same sudden disappearance! On looking around I could see her nowhere. But this time what I had seen was no dream; for in a few moments I heard the alarm-bell sound from the castle tower. The entrance to this tower also I had never been able to find. It too, then, was only to be reached from Viola's room. Poor child! as soon as she had imagined from the shooting that my life was in danger she herself disclosed the protecting secret in order to rescue me, and afterward hastened to signal the danger to the inhabitants.

In a short time I heard the people noisily approaching my residence. This was followed by a sharp skirmish on the veranda, ending with a shout of victory from my good people.

The robbers had fled, taking with them the dangerously wounded man who had been hit by my bullet. Another lay dead in the court-yard. The gamekeeper had stabbed him with his butcher-knife. The robber had ventured to oppose the King of Lapland, who had hurried up to the support of his mighty friend the Czar. The remainder of the band were taken together within the year.

But the faithful porter had been killed. As the servants brought lamps, and by their light we raised from the ground the bleeding body of the man who had so devotedly offered himself, Viola began to lament like a young bird stolen from its nest. She threw herself on the ground, and went into such paroxysms of grief that I began to fear for her reason.

Raising her tenderly, I assured her I would now take the place of the protector she had lost. At this she cast her eyes down tremulously, but the tears rolled from under the long, half-closed lashes. She had, then, understood my words. Whoever can understand words can certainly learn to speak them!

A month has passed since this occurrence, and during this time I have tasked myself with teaching our mortal language to a fairy. My instructions have not been without result. I am now teaching her that short sentence of our marriage service which ends with the words, "As God is my help—Amen." When she can say this sentence correctly, Viola and I will stand side by side at the altar, and repeat it in turn.

PERSONAL.

PRESIDENT MARK HOPKINS, of Williams College, will this fall print a volume of papers for young men. The college boys call him "Mark the perfect man."

—General SHERIDAN's saying that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian" is not quite true. A very good man and Indian was MARCUS B. PIERCE, who died recently at the Cattaraugus Reservation. He was the survivor of the first generation of educated Iroquois Indians. Among his own tribe he was known as Ha-dya-no-doh, which is a very good name for a noble red man.

—Ex-Postmaster-General CRESWELL has become counsel of the government under the Geneva Award Act at a salary of $10,000 a year, and a Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bank at a salary of $3000.

—The pictures loaned by the Duc de Montpensier for exhibition in Boston are now due, and will be opened to the public during the present or coming week.

—Lord DUFFERIN, when in Detroit a few days ago, made a contribution of $25 to the "GREELEY Statue Fund," the coin being paid to the proper member of the National Typographical Union for Michigan.

—Prince ARTHUR and the Duke of Edinburgh are both good practical photographers, and have taken successful portraits not only of the Queen and their brothers and sisters, but also of most of the superior members of the royal household.

—The late JOHN TEMPLETON, of Watertown, Massachusetts, had a certain idea of pleasant charity, and therefore made a queer sort of will, which has been admitted to probate, and accepted by the authorities. The conditions are: "To the town of Watertown I give and bequeath the sum of $2500, for the benefit of the poor of said town; and I direct that the said sum shall be safely invested, and the income thereof only be distributed at Christmas in each year among the deserving poor under the direction of the overseers of the poor, or other proper authorities of said town. By the poor of the said town I mean the needy and deserving residents in said town, and not paupers supported at the public expense."

—Mr. J. LOTHROP MOTLEY has gone a-visiting to the Queen of Holland—literary woman—at the Hague. Going to stay some weeks. He is gaining slowly in health, but his doctors forbid all work with the pen. What a fine time of it he has had all these years that he has been in Europe!

—Ex-Governor ENOS T. THROOP, of Auburn, is probably the oldest ex-member of Congress, as he certainly is the oldest ex-Governor of New York, now living. On the 21st ult. he was ninety years old, and in good health. He is a man of medium stature, quick in his movements, and dignified in manner. His habits of life have been simple and plain. It may be of interest to know something of the manner in which a man of ninety years spends his time. A gentleman conversant with Governor THROOP says he is cheerful in manner and constantly in good spirits. He rises about half past six in the morning, and takes his breakfast at eight o'clock. After breakfast he goes to the garden, directing the gardener as to the work of the day, often rendering assistance. After a few hours he takes a nap, getting ready for dinner about one o'clock, sometimes taking a nap after dinner. He then visits the garden again. It is there that he spends most of his time. He retires for the night about nine, sleeping soundly and well. He enjoys his meals right well, having a good appetite and good digestion; drinks claret for dinner, but seldom takes any spirits. In public affairs he continues to take an interest, reads the daily papers, and comments freely upon passing events. He loves to converse upon the past, having an excellent memory of events which transpired sixty or seventy years ago. His life embraces the history of the republic, and his position gave him abundant opportunity for knowing intimately the public men of his day. It is rare that a man is permitted to enjoy such a long and happy life.

—There are two men likely to be in the next House of Representatives who will "enliven the tedium of legislative proceedings with a little honest hilarity." These two are Mr. WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS, of New Jersey, and Mr. J. PROCTOR KNOTT, of Kentucky, of whom the Brooklyn *Eagle* says: "Through PHELPS's humor glows the culture of the schools; KNOTT's is racy of the soil of the Blue Grass region. PHELPS can point an epigram which will impale a man as a javelin would; KNOTT will tell a story against a man which will make him want to crawl into a hole and draw the hole in after him. The Jerseyman will show by something out of a book that his adversary is ineffably ridiculous; the Kentuckian will cite a cross-roads instance to illustrate that his antagonist doesn't amount to what he calls a 'remote circumstance.' The razor of sarcasm is what PHELPS kills with; the torpedo of anecdote is what KNOTT blows men to pieces with. Gentlemen both. PHELPS and KNOTT ought to sit at either end of the House, and forage, each in his own way, on all the fools and frauds between them."

—The appointment of one of Connecticut's principal tanners to the post of a cabinet minister has opened wide the optics of some of our English brothers. The Newcastle *Chronicle* alludes to it thus: "From skins and hides to diplomacy and statesmanship is a good leap, but after dealing many years in leather Mr. JEWELL became the representative of his fellow-countrymen at a foreign court inferior in importance to none, and has now succeeded to the portfolio of a cabinet minister. With us, as with the Americans, capacity and integrity are often the stepping-stones to wealth and position, but we are not aware that any English trader ever yet rose to the dignified post of embassador to a foreign power of the first rank." The *Chronicle* adds that Mr. COBDEN was a calico printer, and though sent on a special mission to France, was never offered a regular embassadorship. Cabinet offices in England are almost exclusively conferred on members of aristocratic families, though Mr. BRIGHT, Mr. FORSTER, and Mr. STANSFIELD, in the late, and Mr. W. H. SMITH (newsman) in the present, cabinet are men in business.

—Ex-President WALKER, of Harvard University, who has just turned his eightieth year, graduated at Harvard sixty years ago. In 1818 he was ordained pastor over the Unitarian church, and in 1839 became Assistant Professor of Moral Philosophy, and president in 1853. Since his retirement in 1860 he has lived quietly at Cambridge, a constant and earnest student, and occasionally appearing as a writer and preacher. His mind is as clear and his conversation as bright as ever, though his bodily power is a little off.

—LISZT, it is said, has declined an offer of $200,000 to visit America. It may be, but we suspect that the author of the report is a—person conspicuously inexact in statement.

—Mr. A. T. STEWART, with characteristic liberality, has consented to loan $50,000 worth of choice paintings from his private gallery to the committee having charge of the art department of the approaching Exposition at Chicago.

—The late Bishop WHITEHOUSE is made the subject of a lengthy notice by the Chicago correspondent of the New York *Times*, who, among other of his characteristics, says: "Intellectually he ranked among the first prelates of the Church. He had a fluent and impassioned eloquence; his conversational powers were wonderful. He had a great aptitude for business, and was most dignified as a presiding officer. He was known far and wide. In the distant Russias he was the favored guest; in England he was greeted with applause. Lambeth and Oxford graced him with the highest honors which could be conferred; at home he was ever admired as a profound scholar, a noble executive, a high-bred gentleman, and a spotless Christian. But the bishop was not merely a routine worker; he was an intense and active student, and during the last year of his life gave his city clergy regular lectures in the Greek Testament, the preparation of which alone would have been considered ample literary work. He was well up in the literature of the day, and even modern fiction met in him a warm admirer. He was one of the most thorough and accurate classical scholars of the day. He was perfect in Greek and Latin illustrations; he spoke French accurately, and read German and Italian as well as he did English. He was versed in the arts, and himself handled the pencil with no mean skill. A competent architect, he designed every thing connected with his cathedral; he gave most valuable suggestions in the building of many churches in his diocese. He was distinguished also for his perfect manners, and among a crowd of bishops any one would have selected him as one of the chief. High-bred, refined, delicate, he would ever couch the harshest reproof in a courteous weapon."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE third annual report of the permanent committee for the investigation of the Adriatic Sea has just come to hand, from which it appears that this committee maintains eleven stations of observation at which meteorological and physical data are accumulated. In reference to the ocean itself, its temperature, its saltness, its tides, and its currents are carefully recorded, and all possible opportunities embraced for collecting journals of observations made upon vessels navigating that water. The commission stands in intimate connection with the Austrian navy and commercial marine on the one hand, and with the system of schools and the National Meteorological Bureau on the other. The temperatures of the water are taken at various depths, increasing regularly from the surface down to 120 feet, and many interesting phenomena will be noted in examining the detailed observations as printed in the report.

The changes of temperature at great depths are certainly very remarkable showing, apparently, that currents exist, even at the lowest depth just mentioned, which are directly dependent upon the winds and the temperature of the air at the surface. The numerous accurate observations of the tides, and the somewhat complicated phenomena that they present, have incited Professor STAHLBERGER to a more careful investigation of the ebb and flood tides in the harbor of Fiume, which he represents as probably being phenomena resulting from the interference of four simple oscillations of the ocean, arriving simultaneously at that harbor.

The French Association for the Advancement of Science has voted to M. DE FONVIELLE a sum of money in order to encourage him to recommence his course of systematic balloon ascents. DE FONVIELLE intends to study the direction which it is possible to give to a balloon by varying the altitude in order to take advantage of several directions of wind. It is not known yet whether he will practice his method for traveling in Europe or in America.

Among recent deaths that of Mr. HENRY GRINNELL, on the 30th of June last, at the age of seventy-five, is entitled to record in our columns, in view of his relations to the various American arctic expeditions.

Mr. GRINNELL was born in New Bedford, Massachusetts, but at an early age came to New York, where he entered into the shipping business, in which he continued up to the time of his death. As a member of the firm of GRINNELL, MINTURN, & Co., he was well known; but it is as a patron of arctic exploration that we have to consider him. His first essay in this direction consisted in the fitting out of a vessel at his own expense in 1850 for the search after Sir JOHN FRANKLIN. This was commanded by Lieutenant E. J. DE HAVEN, with Dr. E. K. KANE as surgeon and naturalist. Although the mission of the vessel was not accomplished, important geographical discoveries were made, among them that of what is now called Grinnell Land, in latitude 75° 24′ north.

In 1853 a second expedition in search of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN was made, in very large part at the expense of his firm, its direction having been intrusted to Dr. KANE. A similar service was rendered by him in the later expedition of Dr. HAYES.

He was a warm patron of Captain HALL, who always spoke of him in terms of the utmost affection and respect; and while encouraging Captain HALL in all his earlier ventures, he interested himself very much in the proper equipment of the *Polaris* expedition. The American flag belonging to Mr. GRINNELL, and which was carried by all the American arctic expeditions, and accompanied Captain HALL on the *Polaris*, was among the few articles saved from the expedition, and was returned to Mr. GRINNELL.

The Commissioners of Fisheries of the State of New Hampshire have presented their annual report to the Legislature at its present session, giving an account of the work accomplished by them since their previous communication. Under the head of salmon planting, they report the introduction of 185,000 of these fish into the head waters of the Merrimac, and of about 250,000 into the Connecticut; some of them, however, hatched in behalf of Massachusetts and Connecticut. They report an aggregate of 800,000 young salmon planted in the Connecticut River by these three States and Vermont, from which it is expected we shall hear in due season. Nothing was done by the Commissioners during the past year in regard to smelt, which had heretofore formed a special feature of their work. Several thousand shad were planted in Lake Winnipiseogee, and a considerable number of salmon-trout were introduced into Ossipee Lake and Six-mile Pond. Black bass have also been transferred from Sunapee Lake to other waters.

The German branch at Yokohama of the Society for the Natural History and Ethnology of Eastern Asia shows in its last publication the activity of its members. Besides regular meteorological observations taken apparently under the auspices of the society, and published by them, we have very numerous determinations of altitudes in Japan, by means, of course, of the portable barometer, and have also some excellent descriptions of the volcano of Fusiyama. The first accurate measurement of the altitude of that volcano appears to be due to the members of this society, especially by KNIPPING, who seems to have made a series of observations for fourteen days five times daily at very carefully selected hours; simultaneous observations were made at three points, namely, the summit, the base, and intermediate stations. The best standard instruments by GREENE and other makers were used, and the computations were made by the formula lately published by RUHLMANN, and which has met with so much acceptance. The resulting altitude of the summit of Fusiyama, namely, 12,235 feet, places it among the loftiest of volcanoes.

The *Academy* announces the death of Professor DOMENICO CIPOLETTI, late assistant at the observatory of Florence, and speaks of him as already distinguished for his attainments as an astronomer.

The announcement is made of the fifth annual meeting of the German Anthropological Society, to be held at Dresden from the 14th to the 17th of September, to which all persons interested are invited.

It is officially announced by the London *Daily Telegraph* that it has united with the New York *Herald* in organizing an expedition of African discovery under the command of HENRY M. STANLEY, the object being to complete the work left unfinished by the death of Dr. LIVINGSTONE, to solve the remaining problems of the geography of Central Africa, and to investigate and report upon the haunts of the slave-traders.

Considerable comment has been excited in England by this announcement, and some disposition has been manifested to discourage it, especially on the ground of its involving political and diplomatic complications with the Sultan of Zanzibar and other potentates.

Severe hurricanes have of late attracted so much attention that they have ceased to be novelties, and it would hardly be worth while to mention a special one that lately occurred in the Indian Ocean, had it not happened that this one seems to have passed directly over the island of Mauritius, so famous in meteorological science as the residence of MELDRUM and the place of operation of that meteorological society which has done so much to elucidate our knowledge of these terrible atmospheric disturbances. Indications of the late hurricane were observed on the 22d of March at Port Louis in a falling barometer and a rising wind, which increased until it reached its height on the 27th and 28th. Its greatest force was 11 on the Beaufort scale, and the barometer sank as low as 28.57 inches. The town itself presented a very sad appearance after the storm was over, the roofs and débris of fallen houses and innumerable broken trees partially obstructing all of the main streets. There were very few houses but were more or less injured; the museum of the Royal College was unroofed, many cellars were inundated and valuable goods destroyed, and many lives were lost.

The death of Dr. ALOYS PICHLER on the 3d of June, at the age of forty-one, is announced by the *Academy*. He was long connected with the University of Munich, and at one time filled the post of head librarian to the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg.

It is well known that the living representatives in Europe of the European bison, which is closely allied to, if not identical with, the American buffalo, consist at present of a single herd in Lithuania, the property of the Emperor of Russia. Recent reports indicate a gradual decrease in their numbers, with a probability of eventual extermination. It is many years since the number exceeded 1000, and in 1868 it was but 559; in 1871, 541; and in 1872, 528.

Our readers are already aware of the commission established, under the Treasury Department, by authority of Congress, for investigating the geographical distribution of the Alaskan fur seal, and the manner in which the Alaska Commercial Company has executed its trust as regards the lease of the fur seal islands, the treatment of the natives, and the management of the fur seal trade generally.

The members of this commission consist of Mr. HENRY W. ELLIOTT, of the Smithsonian Institution (who had recently returned from a two years' residence on St. Paul Island), and of Lieutenant MAYNARD, of the navy. The revenue-cutter *Reliance*, Captain J. G. BAKER, was placed at the control of the party, and we have advices of their arrival at Sitka, under the date of June 10. The vessel was to leave the following day for Oonalaska, and proceed thence to the fur seal islands, St. Matthew, St. Lawrence, the Diomedes, St. Michael, Cape Romanzow, Nunivak Island, and back to Oonalaska in October, and thence direct to San Francisco by the end of that month. It was intended to survey thoroughly the islands of St. Matthew and St. Lawrence, large bodies of land in the Behring Sea, almost entirely unknown. Lieutenant MAYNARD will make a chart of the soundings, and Mr. ELLIOTT will work up the interior. These gentlemen, in the course of their official duties expect to make large collections for the National Museum.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

TOM bought a gallon of gin to take home, and, by way of a label, wrote his name upon a card, which happened to be the seven of clubs, and tied it to the handle. A friend coming along and observing the jug, quietly remarked, "That's an awful careless way to leave that liquor!" "Why?" said Tom. "Because somebody might come along with the *eight* of clubs and take it."

"Husband," said the wife of a young clergyman, "read me one of your sermons; I feel dreadfully wakeful to-night, and I wish to sleep."

Sir Boyle Roach, the droll of the Irish bar, sent an amusingly equivocal invitation to an Irish nobleman of his acquaintance: "I hope, my lord, if ever you come within a mile of my house, that you'll *stay there all night*." When he was suffering from an attack of gout he thus rebuked his shoe-maker: "Oh, you're a precious blockhead to do directly the reverse of what I desired you. I told you to make one of the shoes *larger* than the other, and instead of that you have made one of them *smaller* than the other!"

The latest instance of like curing like is the announcement by a Western veterinary surgeon that brandy is a remedy for the "staggers."

A lover knelt to maiden fair,
And vowed him her adorer—
"Ah! wilt thou leave me, sweetest one,
Thou bright and fair Aurora?"
Up sprang the blood of maiden fair,
Who boxed her fond adorer:
"How dare you, Sir, miscall me thus?
Me—me, indeed, *a roarer!*"

Charles II. playing at tennis with a dean, who struck the ball well, the king said, "That's a good stroke for a dean." "I'll give it the stroke of a bishop if your majesty pleases," was the suggestive rejoinder.

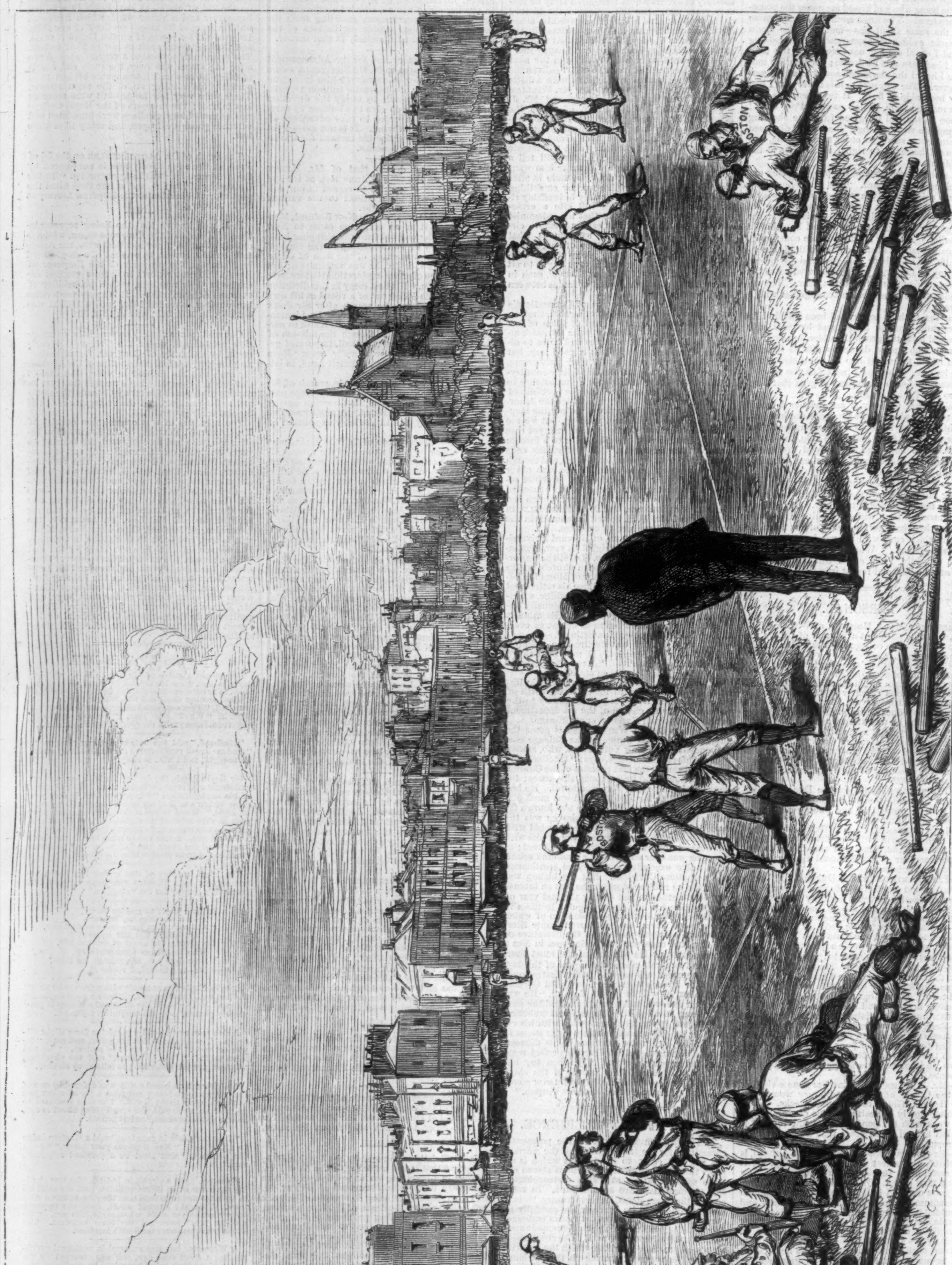
A rich man sent to call a physician for a slight disorder. The physician felt his pulse, and said, "Do you eat well?" "Yes," said the patient. "Do you sleep well?" "I do." "Then," said the physician, "I shall give you something to take away all that!"

An Irishman on board a ship was ordered by one of the officers to go below and fetch a jug of water just as the ship was about to sail. The man hesitated to go, because, as he said, the vessel being about to sail, he was afraid he should be left behind.

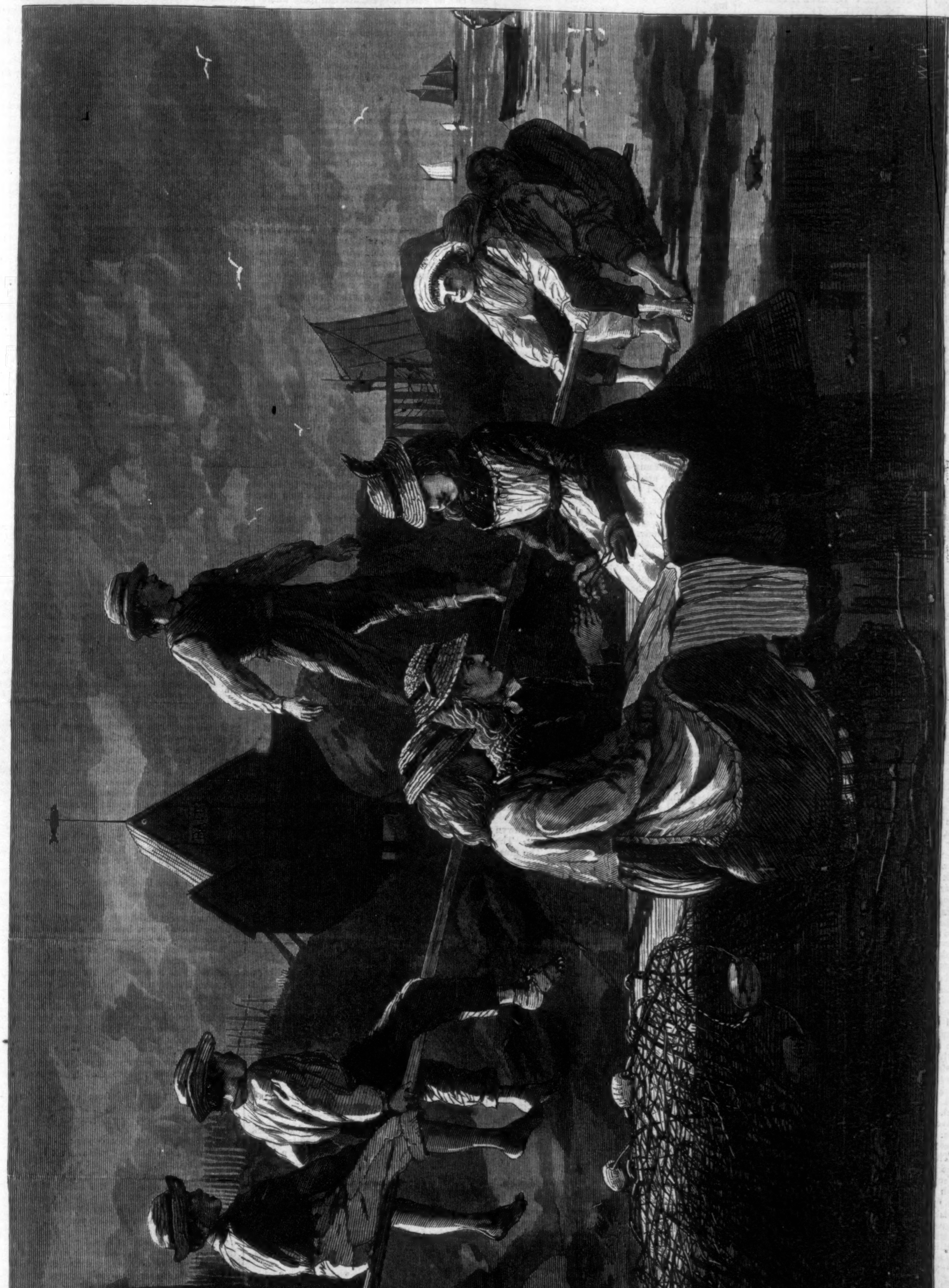
"I see the villain in your face," said a Western judge to a prisoner. "May it please your honor," replied the prisoner, "that must be a personal reflection, sure."

A lawyer, upon a circuit in Ireland, who was pleading the cause of an infant plaintiff, took the child up in his arms and presented it to the jury, suffused with tears. This had a great effect, until the opposite lawyer asked the child what made him cry. "He pinched me!" answered the little innocent. The whole court was convulsed with laughter.

A Worcester boy was engaged in nocturnal peach-stealing a short time ago, and was observed by the owner of the fruit, who, unnoticed by the young robber, placed a large stuffed dog at the foot of the tree, and retired to watch the result of his strategy. The boy, descending, observed the dog, and then the fun commenced. He whistled, coaxed, threatened, unavailingly, the animal never moving. And finally the youth, accepting the inevitable, settled down to passing the night in the tree. After some hours had passed wearily enough to the lad, morning dawned, and the proprietor of the tree, coming from the house, asked him how he came to be in the tree. To which the boy answered that he took to it to save himself from the dog, who had chased him quite a distance. It isn't healthy for a smaller boy to say stuffed dog to that youth now.



THE AMERICAN BASE-BALL PLAYERS IN ENGLAND—MATCH BETWEEN THE RED STOCKINGS AND THE ATHLETICS, PRINCE'S GROUND, BROMPTON.—[SEE PAGE 758.]



SEESAW—GLOUCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.—[Drawn by Winslow Homer.]

THE AMERICAN BALL-PLAYERS IN ENGLAND.

THE excitement caused in England by the advent of the American base-ball players has not subsided in the least. Thousands have gathered to witness the games, and every body has been delighted with the skillful manœuvres of their Yankee cousins. In view of the little that is known in England concerning our national game, the newspapers there have carefully gathered all they could learn about it, and presented their readers with the fullest explanations. The *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* of London, an authority on sporting matters, has taken the pains to publish an elaborate history and description, with a diagram showing the various positions of the players when in the field. To this it adds, from time to time, full details of all the games thus far played, with careful criticisms of them. In reviewing one of these contests between the Bostons and the Athletics the *News* says: "The ten minutes' larking in which the Americans indulged before commencing play impressed the public very favorably. They threw the ball with wonderful strength and precision, fielded very smartly, and never missed a possible catch; still it must be remembered that a base-ball and a cricket ball are two very different things, and, when they began real play, the ball was fumbled far more frequently, and the returns were by no means so accurate. Still, fielding is undoubtedly their strong point, which is partly to be accounted for by the fact that every error by a fielder is noted on the score sheet. At cricket a man may be absolutely useless in the field, and cost his side run upon run, yet, except a slight allusion to a badly missed catch in the account of the match, he hears no more of it. With a base-ball fielder it is widely different. All his mistakes are brought before him in stern array at the end of the season, in the shape of statistics, and the world of base-ball learns that the hapless William Jones made sixty errors in the course of the year, in the shape of seven missed fly balls, fifteen wild throws, and thirty-eight muffed balls. This must exercise a most beneficial effect, and something of the same sort might be introduced at cricket with great advantage."

Of the match played between the Red Stockings and the Athletics, at Prince's Ground, Brompton—illustrated on page 756—the papers speak in terms of the highest admiration. The batting was excellent, and several of the catches elicited immense applause.

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A STRANGE WORLD.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "TO THE BITTER END," "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "AURORA FLOYD," "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"A MERRIER HOUR WAS NEVER WASTED THERE."

AUGUST came—a real August—with cloudless blue skies and scorching noontides and a brief storm now and then to clear the atmosphere. The yellow corn fields basked in the sun's hot rays, scarce stirred to a ripple by the light summer air. The broad Atlantic lay still as that great jasper sea men picture in their dreams of heaven. The pine-trees stood up straight and dark and tall and solemn against a background of azure sky. Ocean's wide waste of waters brought no sense of coolness to the parched wayfarer, for all that vast expanse glowed like burnished gold beneath the splendor of the sun-god. The road across the purple moor glared whitely between its fringe of plantations, and the flower gardens at Penwyn Manor blazed like one broad mass of color, not a petal ruffled by the clear still air. The birthday of the heir had come and gone with many bonfires, sky-rockets, much rejoicing of tenants and peasantry, eating and drinking, bounties to the poor, speechifying, and general exultation. At twelve months old Churchill Penwyn's heir, if not quite the paragon his parents and his aunt believed him, was fairly worth some amount of rejoicing. He was a sturdy, broad-shouldered little fellow, with chestnut locks cut straight across his wide fair forehead, and large blue eyes, dark and sweet and truthful—a loving, generous-hearted little soul, winning the love of all creatures, from the grave, thoughtful father who secretly worshiped him, to the kitten that rolled itself into a ball of soft white fur in his baby lap.

The general rejoicings for tenants and cottagers, the public celebration, as it were, of the infant's first anniversary, being happily over, with satisfaction to all—even to the Irish reapers, who were regaled with supper and unlimited whisky punch, in one of the big barns, Mrs. Penwyn turned her attention to more refined assemblies. Lady Cheshunt was at Penwyn, and had avowed herself actually charmed with the gathering of the vulgar herd.

"My dear, they are positively refreshing in their absolute *naïveté*," she exclaimed, when she talked over the day's proceedings with Madge and Viola in Mrs. Penwyn's spacious dressing-room. "To see the colors they wear, and the unsophisticated width of their boots and skimpiness of their petticoats, and the way they perspire, and get ever so red in the face without seeming to mind it, and the primitive way they have of looking really happy—it is positively like turning over a new leaf in the book of life. And when one can see it all without any personal exertion, sitting under a dear old tree and drinking iced claret-cup—how admirably your people make claret-cup!—it is intensely refreshing."

"I hope you will often turn over new leaves, then, dear Lady Cheshunt," Madge answered, smiling.

"And on Thursday you are going to give a dinner-party, and show me the genteel aborigines, the county people; poor creatures who have no end of quarterings on their family snields, and never wear a decently cut gown, and drive horses that look as if they had been just taken from the plow."

"I don't know that our Cornish friends are quite so benighted as you suppose them," said Madge, laughing. "Brunel has brought them within a day's journey of civilization, you know. They may have their gowns made in Bond Street without much trouble."

"Ah, my love, these are people who go to London once in three years, I dare say. Why, to miss a single season in town is to fall behind one's age; one's ideas get mouldy and moss-grown; one's sleeves look as if they had been made in the time of George the Third. To keep abreast with the march of time one must be at one's post always. One might as well be the sleeping beauty at once, and lose a hundred years, as skip the London season. I remember one year that I was out of health, and those tiresome doctors sent me to spend my spring and summer in Germany. When I came to London in the following March I felt like Rip Van Winkle. I hardly remembered the names of the ministry, or the right use of asparagus tongs. However, sweet child, I shall be amused to see your county people."

The county families assembled a day or two afterward, and proved not unintelligent, as Lady Cheshunt confessed afterward, though their talk was for the most part local, or of field sports. The ladies talked chiefly of their neighbors. Not scandal by any means: that would have been most dangerous; for they could hardly have spoken of any one who was not related by cousinship or marriage with somebody present. But they talked of births and marriages and deaths, past or to come; of matrimonial engagements, of children, of all simple, social, domestic subjects, all which Lady Cheshunt listened to wonderingly. The flavor of it was to the last degree insipid to the metropolitan worldling. It was like eating white-bait without Cayenne or lemon—white-bait that tasted only of frying-pan and batter. The young ladies talked about curates, point lace, the penny readings of last winter, amateur concerts, new music—ever so old in London—and the school-children; or, grouped round Viola, listened with awful interest to her descriptions of the season's dissipations—the balls and flower shows and races and regattas she had assisted at, the royal personages she had beheld, the various *on dits* current in London society about those royal personages, so fresh and sparkling, and, if not true, at least possessing a richness of detail that seemed like truth. Viola was eminently popular among the younger branches of the county families. The sons played croquet and billiards with her, the daughters copied the style of her dresses, and chose their new books and music at her recommendation. Mrs. Penwyn was popular with all—matrons and maidens, elderly squires and under-graduates, rich and poor. She appealed to the noblest and widest feelings of human nature, and not to love her would have been to be indifferent to virtue and sweetness.

This first dinner after the return to Penwyn Manor was more or less of a state banquet. The Manor-house put forth all its forces. The great silver-gilt cups and salvers, and ponderous old wine-coolers, and mighty venison dishes, a heavy load for a strong man, came forth from their retirement in shady groves of green baize. The buffet was set forth as at a royal feast; the long dinner-table resembled a dwarf forest of stephanotus and tremulous dewy-looking fern. The closed Venetians excluded the lurid light of a crimson sunset, yet admitted evening's refreshing breeze. The many tapers twinkled with a tender, subdued radiance. The moon-like silver lamps on the sideboard and mantel-piece gave a tone of coolness to the room. The women in their gauzy dresses, with family jewels glittering star-like upon the white throats and fair round arms, or flashing from coils of darkest hair, completed the pleasant picture. Churchill Penwyn looked down the table with his quiet smile.

"After all, conventional, commonplace, as this sort of thing may be, it gives one an idea of power," he thought, in his half-cynical way, "and is pleasant enough for the moment. Sardanapalus, with a nation of slaves under his heel, could only have enjoyed the same kind of sensation on a larger scale."

CHAPTER XXX.

"IT WAS THE HOUR WHEN WOODS ARE COLD."

WHILE the Squire of Penwyn surveyed his flower and fern bedecked board, and congratulated himself that he was a power in the land, his lodge-keeper, the woman with tawny skin, sun-browned almost to mahogany-color, dark brows, and night-black eyes, sat at her door-step watching the swiftly changing splendors of the west, where the sky was still glorious with the last radiance of the sunken sun. The crimson light glows on the brown skin and gleams in the dusky eyes as the woman sits with her face fronting westward.

She has a curious fancy for out-of-door life, and is not often to be found inside the comfortable lodge. She prefers the door-step to an arm-chair by the hearth, even in winter; nay, she has been seen to sit at her threshold, with a shawl over her head, during a pitiless storm, watching the lightning with those bright, bold eyes of hers. Her grandchild Elspeth has the same objection to imprisonment within four walls. She has no gates to open, and can roam where she lists. She avails herself of that privilege without stint, and wanders from dawn till sunset, and sometimes late into the starry night. She has resisted all Mrs. Penwyn's kind attempts to beguile her along the road to knowledge by the easy steps of the parish school. She will not sit among the rosy-cheeked Cornish children, or walk to church with the neatly clad procession from the Sunday-school. She is more ignorant than the small toddlers of three or four, can neither read nor write, hardly knows the use of a needle, and in the matter of Scriptural and theological knowledge is a very heathen.

If these people had not been the Squire's protégées they would have been dismissed from orderly Penwyn long ere now. They were out of harmony with their surroundings; they made a discordant note in the calm music of life at the Manor. While all else was neatness, exquisite cleanliness, the north lodge had a look of neglect, a slovenliness which struck the observer's eye disagreeably—a curtain hanging awry at one of the lattices, a tattered garment flying like a pennant from an open casement, a trailing branch of jasmine, a handleless jug standing on a window-sill, a muddy door-step. Trifles like these annoyed Mrs. Penwyn, and she had more than once reproved the lodge-keeper for her untidiness. The woman had heard her quietly enough, had uttered no insolent word, and had courtesied low as the lady of the mansion passed on. But the dark face had been shadowed by a sullen frown, and no amendment had ever followed Mrs. Penwyn's remonstrances.

"I really wish you would get rid of those people at the north lodge," Madge said to Churchill, one day, after having her patience peculiarly tried by the spectacle of a ragged blanket hanging to dry in the lodge garden. "They make our grounds look like some Irish squireen's place, where the lodge-keeper is allowed a patch of potatoes and a drying-ground for the family linen at the park gates. If they are really objects of charity, it would be better to allow them a pension, and let them live where they like."

"We will think about it, my love, when I have a little more time on my hands," answered Mr. Penwyn.

He never said an absolute "No" to his wife; but a request which had to be thought about by him was rarely granted.

Madge sighed, and tapped the ground with the toe of her little morocco boot. These people at the lodge exercised her patience severely.

"Waiting till you have leisure seems absurd, Churchill," she said. "With your Parliamentary work, and all that you have to see to here, there can be no such thing as spare time. Why not send these people away at once? They make the place look so horrid."

"I'll remonstrate with them," replied Churchill.

"And then they are such queer people!" continued Madge. "That girl, Elspeth, is as ignorant as a South Sea Islander, and I dare say the grandmother is just as bad. They never go to church, setting such a shocking example to the villagers."

"My love, there are many respectable people who never go to church. I rarely went myself in my bachelor days. I used to reserve Sunday morning for my arrears of correspondence."

"Oh, Churchill!" cried Madge, with a shocked look.

"My dearest love, you know I do not set up for exalted virtue."

"Churchill!" she exclaimed, tenderly, but still with that shocked look. She loved him so much better than herself that she would have liked heaven to be a certainty for him, even at the cost of a cycle in purgatory for her.

"Come, dear, you know I have never pretended to be a good man. I do the best I can with my opportunities, and try to be as much use as I can in my generation."

"But you call yourself a Christian, Churchill?" she asked, solemnly. Their life had been so glad, so bright, so busy, so full of action and occupation, that they had seldom spoken of serious things. Never till this moment had Madge asked her husband that simple, solemn question.

He turned from her with a clouded face—turned from her impatiently even—and walked to the other end of the room.

"If there is one thing I hate more than another, Madge, it is theological argumentation," he said, shortly.

"There is no argument here, Churchill: a man is or is not a follower of Christ."

"Then I am not," he said.

She shrank away from him as if he bad struck her, looked at him for a few moments with a pale, agonized face, and left him without a word. She could not trust herself to speak—the blow had been too sudden, too heavy. She went away to her own room and shut herself in, and wept for him and prayed for him. But she loved him not the less because by his own lips he stood confessed an infidel: that was how she interpreted his words of self-condemnation. She forgot that a man may believe in Christ, yet not follow Him—believe, like the devils, and, like the devils, tremble.

* * * * * * *

Mrs. Penwyn never spoke to her husband of the people of the north lodge after this. They were associated with a too painful memory. Churchill, however, did not forget to reprove the lodge-keeper's slovenliness, and his brief and stern remonstrance had some effect. The lodge was kept in better order—at least so far as its external appearance went. Within it was still a disorderly den.

The lodge-keeper's name was Rebecca. By this name at least she was known at Penwyn. Whether she possessed the distinction of a surname was a moot-point. She had not condescended to communicate it to any one at the Manor. She had been at Penwyn nearly two years, and had not made a friend, nay, not so much as an acquaintance who cared to "pass the time of day" as he went by her door. The peasantry secretly thought her a witch—a dim belief in witchcraft and wise women still lingering in nooks and corners of this remote romantic West, despite the printing-press and the School Board. The women-servants were half disposed to share that superstition. Every body avoided her. Unpopularity so obvious seemed a matter of supreme indifference to the woman who called herself Rebecca. Certain creature comforts were needful to her well-being, and these she had in abundance. The sun and the air were indispensable to her content. These she could enjoy unhindered. Her ruling vice was slothfulness; her master-passion love of ease. These she could indulge. She therefore enjoyed as near an approach to positive happiness as mere animal mankind can feel. Love of man or of God, the one divine spark which lights our clay, shone not here. She had a vague sense of kindred which made some kind of tie between her and her own flesh and blood; but she had never known what it was to love any thing. She kept her grandchild Elspeth, gave her food and raiment and shelter, first, because what she gave cost her nothing, and secondly, because Elspeth ran errands for her, did whatever work there was to be done in the lodge, and saved her trouble generally. The delicious laziness of her days would have been less perfect without Elspeth's small services. Otherwise it would have given this woman little pain to know that Elspeth was shelterless and starving.

She sat and watched the light fade yonder over the lake-like sea, and heavy mists stealing up the moorlands as the day died. Presently, sure that no one would come to the gates at this hour, she drew a short blackened clay pipe from her pocket, filled and lighted it, and began to smoke—slowly, luxuriously, dreamily, if so mindless a being could dream.

She emptied her pipe, and filled again, and smoked on, happy, while the moon showed silver-pale in the opal sky. The opal faded to gray; the gray deepened to purple. The silver shield grew brighter while she sat there, and the low murmur of summer waves made a soothing music, soft, slow, dreamily monotonous. The brightening moon shone full upon that moorland track by which Humphrey Clissold first came to Penwyn Manor. In making his road across the uplands the Squire had not followed this narrow track. The foot-path still remained at some distance from the road.

Turning her eyes lazily toward this path, Rebecca was startled by the sight of a figure approaching slowly in the moonlight—a man, broad-shouldered, stalwart, walking with that careless freedom of gait which betokens the habitual pedestrian, the wanderer who has tramped over many a hill-side and traversed many a stony road, a nomad by instinct and habit.

He came straight on, without pause or uncertainty—came straight to the gate, and looked in at the woman sitting on the door-step.

"Ah!" he said. "It was the straight tip Josh Collins gave me. Good-evening, mother."

The woman emptied the ashes of her pipe upon the door-step before she answered this filial greeting. Then she looked up at the wanderer frowningly.

"What brings you here?"

"There's a heartless question!" cried the man. "What brings a son to look after his blessed old mother? Do you allow nothing for family feeling?"

"Not in you, Paul, or any of your breed. What brought you here?"

"You'd better let me in first, and give me something to eat and drink. I don't care about looking through iron bars like a wild beast in Wombwell's show."

Rebecca hesitated, looked at her son doubtfully for a minute or so before she made up her mind to admit him, weighed the possibilities of the case, and then took her key and unlocked the gate. If it had been practicable to keep this returned prodigal outside without peril to herself, she would have done it. But she knew her son's disposition too well to trifle with feelings which were apt to be violent.

"Come in," she said, sulkily, "and eat your fill, and go your ways when you've eaten. It was an ill wind for me that blew you this way."

"That's not overkind from a mother," responded the nomad, carelessly. "I've had work enough to find you since you gave us the slip at Westerham fair."

"You might have been content to lose me, considering the little store you ever set by me," retorted Rebecca, bitterly.

"Well, perhaps I might have brought myself to look at it in that light, if I hadn't heard of you two or three months ago from a mate of mine in the broom trade, who happened to pass this way last summer, and saw you here, squatting in the sun like a toad. He made a few inquiries about you—out of friendliness to me—in the village yonder, and heard that you were living on the fat of the land, and had enough to spare. Living in service—you that were brought up to something better than taking any man's wages—and eating the bread of dependence. So I put two and two together, and thought perhaps you'd contrived to save a little bit of money by this time, and would help me with a pound or two if I looked you up. It would be hard lines if a mother refused help to her son."

"You treated me so well when we were together that I ought to be very fond of you, no doubt," said Rebecca. "Come in and eat. I'll give you a meal and a night's lodging if you like, but I'll give you no more, and you'd better

make yourself scarce soon after daybreak. My master is a magistrate, and has no mercy on tramps."

"Then how did he come to admit you into his service? You hadn't much of a character from your last place, I take it."

"He had his reasons."

"Ay, there's a reason for every thing. I should like to know the reason of your getting such a berth as this, I must say."

He followed his mother into the lodge. The room was furnished comfortably enough, but dirt and disorder ruled the scene. Of this, however, the wanderer's eye took little note as he briefly surveyed the chamber, dimly lighted by a single tallow-candle burning in a brass candlestick on the mantel-piece. He flung himself into the high-backed Windsor chair, drew it to the table, and sat there waiting for refreshments, his darkly bright eyes following Rebecca's movements as she took some dishes from a cupboard and set them on the board, without any previous ceremony in the way of spreading a cloth or clearing the litter of faded cabbage leaves and stale crusts which encumbered one side of the table.

The tramp devoured his meal ravenously, and said not a word till the cravings of hunger were satisfied. At the rate he ate, this result was quickly attained, and he pushed away the empty dish with a satisfied sigh.

"That's the first hearty feed I've had for a week," he said. "A snack of bread and cheese and a mug of beer at a road-side public has had to serve me for breakfast and dinner and supper, and a man of my stamina can't live on bread and cheese. And now tell me all about yourself, mother, and how you came into this comfortable berth—plenty to eat and drink, and nothing to do."

"That's my business, Paul," answered the woman, with a dogged air which meant resistance.

"Come, you needn't make a secret of it. Do you suppose I haven't brains enough to find out for myself if you refuse to tell me? It isn't every day in the year that a fine gentleman and lady take a gypsy fortune-teller into their service. Such things are not done without good reason. What sort of a chap is this Squire Penwyn?"

"I've nothing to tell you about him," answered the woman, with the same steady look.

"Oh, you're as obstinate as ever, I see! All the winds that blow across the Atlantic haven't blown your sullen temper out of you. Very well, since you're so uncommunicative, suppose I tell you something about this precious master of yours. There are other people who know him—people who are not afraid to answer a civil question. His name is Penwyn, and he is the first cousin of that poor young fellow who was murdered at Eborsham, and by that young man's death he comes into this property. Rather a lucky thing for him, wasn't it, that his cousin was shot from behind a hedge? If such luck had happened to a chap of my quality, a rogue and vagabond bred and born, there'd have been people in the world malicious enough to say that I had a hand in the murder. But who could suspect a gentleman like Mr. Penwyn? No gentleman would shoot his cousin from behind a hedge, even though the cousin stood between him and ever so many thousands a year."

"I don't know what you mean by your sneers," returned Rebecca. "Mr. Penwyn was over two hundred miles away at the time."

"Oh, you know all about him! You occupy a post of confidence here, I see. Pleasant for you. Shall I tell you something more about him? Shall I tell you that he has family plate worth thousands—solid old plate that has been in the family for more than a century; that his wife makes no more account of her diamonds than if they were dog-roses she pulled out of the hedges to stick in her hair? That's what I call good luck, for they were both of 'em as poor as Job until that cousin was murdered. Hard for a chap like me to stand outside their gates and hear about their wealth, and pass on with hungry stomach and blistered feet—pass on to wheedle a few pence out of a peasant wench, or steal a barn-door fowl! There's destiny for you."

He emptied the beer jug, which had held a quart of good home-brewed, took out his pipe, and began to smoke, his mother watching him uneasily all the time. Those two were alone in the lodge. The moonlight and balmy air had lured Elspeth far afield, wandering over the dewy moorland, singing her snatches of gypsy song, and happy in her own wild way—happy though she knew she would get a scolding with her supper by-and-by.

"They've got a party to-night, haven't they?" asked Paul. "Half a dozen fine carriages passed me an hour or so ago, before I struck out of the road into the foot-path."

"Yes, there's a dinner-party."

The gypsy rose and went to the open window. The lighted windows of the Manor-house shone across the shadowy depth of park and shrubberies. Those dark eyes of his glittered curiously as he surveyed the scene.

"I should like to see them feasting and enjoying themselves," he said, moving toward the door.

"You mustn't go near the house—you mustn't be seen about the place!" cried Rebecca, following him hurriedly.

"Mustn't I?" sneered the gypsy. "I never learned the meaning of the word mustn't. I'll go and have a peep at your fine ladies and gentlemen—I'm not quite a fool, and I sha'n't let them see me—and then come back here for a night's rest. You needn't be frightened if I'm rather long. It'll amuse me to look on at the high jinks through some half-open window. There, don't look so anxious. I know how to keep myself dark."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

SEPTEMBER.

Sunday,	6.	—Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	13.	—Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday,	15.	—National Conference of Unitarian Churches, Saratoga; General Convention of Universalists, New York.
Sunday,	20.	—Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Monday,	21.	—St. Matthew the Evangelist.
Sunday,	27.	—Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday,	29.	—St. Michael and all Angels.
Wednesday,	30.	—National Congregational Council, New Haven.

OCTOBER.

Sunday,	4.	—Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday,	6.	—Annual Meeting of the A. B. C. F. M., Rutland, Vermont.
Wednesday,	7.	—Triennial Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, New York.
Sunday,	11.	—Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	18.	—St. Luke the Evangelist; Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	25.	—Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.
Wednesday,	28.	—SS. Simon and Jude.

THE resignation by Father HYACINTHE of his charge in Geneva will occasion no surprise to those who have watched the progress of ecclesiastical affairs in Switzerland. The movement in Switzerland against the Church of the Vatican is largely political; it is the assertion of state independence against ultramontanism. Many of the reformers are liberals, who go far beyond Father HYACINTHE in their disposition to innovate upon old doctrine and usage. He would reform the Church, they would overthrow it; he is devoutly Catholic, they are largely free-thinkers. The immediate occasion of the resignation was a collision between Father HYACINTHE and the Minister of Public Instruction.

Dr. CONRAD MARTIN, the Bishop of Paderborn, has reached prison at last. Some time since a friend paid the fines imposed upon him for disobeying the new ecclesiastical laws. The district court ruled that this was legal, but the higher court has pronounced it illegal; so the bishop, who was very anxious to go to jail, has been gratified. It is reported also that proceedings will be instituted for the deposition of the Archbishop of Cologne.

The English Wesleyan Conference at its session this year took an important step toward the adoption of lay delegation. The "committees of review" are to be hereafter consolidated into one large committee, which will be composed of 300 members, one-half ministers and one-half laymen. The consolidated committee will meet in advance of the Conference, and examine all of the business affairs of the Church. The subjects revised will be distributed into five classes, viz., the Conference Schools and the Children's Fund, General Education, Chapels, Home Missions and Contingent Fund, and Foreign Missions. The lay delegates will be chosen by the lay members of the District Meetings. The numbers of the Methodists of England, as reported at the recent Conferences, are: Primitives, 164,722; United Methodist Free Churches, 67,371; Wesleyans, 357,645—total, 589,738. To these are to be added two minor bodies, the Bible Christians and the New Connection Methodists.

The next English Church Congress is to be held at Brighton, commencing October 6. The inaugural address will be delivered by the Bishop of Chichester. The Bishop of Winchester will discuss the Old Catholic Movement, the Bishop of Lincoln, Church Patronage, and the Bishop of Salisbury, Diocesan Synods. Skepticism, Education, Social Life, Church Music, are also on the list of themes. A noticeable feature of the Congress will be a workmen's meeting. All the schools of thought known in the Established Church are represented in these assemblies.

The *Neue Rhein Wochenblatt* has the following on the "Stigmata," which may help to explain the origin of these so-called miraculous manifestations: "A day-school teacher at Crefeld informs us that the 'Stigma' has become an actual epidemic in three of the Catholic schools there. In a single class this teacher found seventeen young girls with these wound marks. The children, he says, rub the palms of their hands, careless of pain, so long and so violently that the blood flows out every where from them. They think that they will thus be able to foretell the future, bring to light what was concealed, and discover gold and treasures."

The London *Times* criticises with much sharpness the refusal of the Bishop of Lincoln to allow a tombstone to be erected in a parish graveyard which contained the words "Wesleyan Minister," and prefixing the title "Rev." to the name of the Wesleyan minister concerned. The refusal to permit the setting up of the stone came first from the rector of the parish, who was, on appeal, sustained by the bishop. The *Times* says, "It would be quite intolerable that incumbents should have an irresponsible power of censorship in such a matter, and it is to be hoped that if Mr. KEET can not prosecute the matter farther himself, the Committee of the Wesleyan Conference, to whom the case has been referred, will see fit to do so."

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions holds its annual meeting in Rutland, Vermont, October 6. This is the first meeting in that State. From the treasurer's announcement it appears that the debt of the board, which was on the 1st of July $88,175, was by the 1st of August reduced to $69,748.

The Mississippi State Convention of Baptists, at their meeting held August 12, located their proposed Southwestern University at Jackson. The people of that city have offered $150,000 to the institution. The Baptists of the State will raise $300,000 additional.

The General Convention of the Universalists of the United States meets in Dr. CHAPIN's church, in this city, Tuesday, September 15. This body is composed of the presidents or vice-presidents and secretaries of the State Conventions, and one clerical and two lay delegates from each Convention.

Cardinal PATRIZZI, the Pope's Vicar-General, is reported to be dangerously ill.

The property of the Propaganda at Rome, which is the fountain of Roman Catholic missionary activity, has been put up at auction by the government. On Saturday, August 8, one parcel was sold for 327,000 francs. The proceeds will be invested by the state in the name of the Propaganda, and for its benefit.

Signor GAVAZZI, the famous Italian orator, is now making a tour of the north of Ireland, and delivering lectures in the chief towns on Protestantism in Italy.

Canon LIDDON, of St. Paul's Cathedral, has spoken very strongly against the Public Worship Regulation Bill, and has expressed the opinion that it will tend to disestablishment.

Pluralists are not very numerous now in the Anglican Establishment, but one has recently died who held four livings, three of them for thirty-two years. "Mr. GURDON, who graduated at Cambridge in 1823, was appointed rector of Reymerston in 1825, the value of the living being about £500 a year, with house, and the population under 400. In 1828 he was appointed to the rectory of South Burgh, near Walton, which is worth about £250, with a population of 300. In 1832 he entered on his third and fourth livings, the rectory of Cranworth, with Letton rectory, the value of which is stated to be £450, with house, and a population at Cranworth of 257 and at Letton of 109. The total income of these benefices, all of which were 'family livings,' was about £1200 a year, with a gross population of about 1000. Mr. GURDON became a beneficed clergyman two years after his ordination, and had held the three livings together since 1832."

We have heretofore spoken of Mr. SPURGEON's wonderful capacity for work, and his skill as an organizer. The Rev. G. F. PENTECOST, who has recently visited him in London, says: "Yesterday I spent with Mr. SPURGEON at his home, and had a most delightful time. He certainly is a wonderful man. He had his college boys, or men, some eighty in all, at his house, entertaining them before they began their fall term of study. He was bubbling over with humor and wisdom all the time. I never saw such a combination of genius in one man. He is a perfect master in the midst of his stupendous work. Every body respects and loves him who has any thing to do with him. He has that rare tact of being perfectly familiar with every body while allowing no one to be familiar with him. He lives inside a charmed circle that no one enters, out of which he steps to touch and bless others. He received me most cordially, invited me to open his service Sunday evening with prayer. He had 6000 people in his congregation, and half as many more turned away, unable to gain admission. At the close of the sermon he gave the hand of fellowship to forty persons, converted and baptized during the month. Then the Lord's Supper was administered to more than 3000 communicants. I had the pleasure and honor of assisting him at the service. Thirty elders served with sixty cups and sixty plates."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

SURF bathing at high tide is not only more agreeable than at low tide on account of the greater exhilaration produced, but the water is then said to be warmer. Old fishermen explain this fact thus: the incoming tide is, to a great extent, surface water, and of course warmer; but when the tide turns it is the surface water which first ebbs out, leaving near the shore the cooler water beneath the surface waves.

At the Isles of Shoals the chief occupation is keeping quiet and comfortable. Horses and carriages are unknown, much promenading is impossible, and nothing remains to be done except fishing and sailing.

The "Spartan Dormitory" is an institution which had its origin in some suggestion made by the Young Men's Christian Association. It is located in the Bowery, and is for the reception of respectable young men who, by some adverse fortune, find themselves short of money. Single lodgings cost twenty-five cents; a dollar and a half is charged by the week; and baths and reading-rooms are free to guests. Lodgings are often furnished gratuitously to needy applicants, who, almost without exception, have returned afterward and paid the regular charges. Such an institution is often the means of saving a disheartened young man from giving up discouraged when he is temporarily out of work and out of money.

Burglar-proof letter-boxes, similar to those used in London, are recommended for New York city, as well as for all places where letter-boxes are in use. The recent mail depredations have induced the General Superintendent of City Delivery to caution the public against depositing letters containing money in the street boxes. Such letters should be registered at the Post-office or at one of the stations.

A well-organized girls' school has been opened in the city of Panama, and promises to be very useful among hitherto neglected classes.

It is not a pleasant topic, but a scientific amateur lately found twenty-six varieties of parasitic vermin in one set of city car cushions.

The manner of search for Charlie Ross by the Philadelphia police is thus pithily described: Two officers pull the bell, and on the appearance of the maid or lady of the house say, "Is Charles Brewster Ross concealed in this house?"

"He is not," is the answer.

"Then we must search the premises."

And the house is searched.

Some tough stories are told of the grasshoppers. A train on the St. Joseph and Denver Railway struck the insects, which covered the track two inches thick. The engineer was sorely puzzled what to do. He finally put on all the steam he could, and tried to go on; but with his best endeavors he made but nine miles in eleven hours. At another time, on the same road, a train was completely blockaded by grasshoppers, and the conductor found it impossible to proceed. He was forced to put back to his starting-place, and wait until the hoppers had crossed the track.

A noted pearl-diver of Atlantic City is making arrangements for a hazardous undertaking. He proposes to test the virtue of a newly invented life-preserver by being carried from New York in a steamer to a distance of not less than two hundred miles from land, and there left to the mercy of the waves until he shall meet a passing vessel. He will carry with him rations for a week; also signal-lights and flags, all being stowed away in a rubber bag about two feet square. He is confident of success; but the undertaking looks, to common minds, as a hazardous one.

The old gentleman at Saratoga who drank eleven glasses of Congress water in immediate succession remains *in statu quo*. The doctors think, however, that he will be able to start for home some time in September.

An exchange tells the following story, which is doubtless authentic, like all newspaper stories:

"The editor of the *Colorado Herald*, having occasion to leave home for a few days, put the paper in charge of a journalistic novice, with only the general order to do all he could to glorify the *Herald* when opportunity occurred. Just after the editor had gone his wife died, and the fact furnished inspiration for the following obituary notice:

"'GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.—We are compelled this morning to perform a duty which is peculiarly painful to the able assistant editor who has been engaged on this paper at an enormous expense, in accordance with our determination to make the *Herald* a first-class journal. Last night death unexpectedly snatched away from our domestic hearth (the best are advertised under the head of stoves and furnaces, upon our first page) Mrs. Agatha P. Burns, wife of Rufus P. Burns, the gentlemanly editor of the *Herald*. (Terms, three dollars a year, invariably in advance.) A kind mother and exemplary wife. (Office over Coleman's grocery, up two flights of stairs; knock hard.) "We shall miss thee, mother, we shall miss thee." (Job printing solicited.) Funeral at four and a half from the house just across the street from the *Herald* office. (Advertisements inserted for ten cents per square.)'"

The collection of objects of art and antiquity now on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, on Fourteenth Street, is estimated to be worth at least $400,000. Consequently much interest is felt in the erection of a suitable and commodious building for the preservation of these valuable objects. The work on the excavation for the foundations of the new museum in the Central Park has been commenced.

Tourists who contemplate a visit to mineral springs may find it well to heed the advice of a famous Parisian physician, who says that "these watering-places are good for persons in sound health, provided they do not drink the waters."

Mount Desert is a most invigorating retreat from the cares and vexations, the scandal and crime, of city life. Yet, for all that, there is, as some visitor expresses it, "a skeleton in the tourist closet at the island." This is the dense, damp, silent, penetrating fog, which creeps noiselessly over the island, and shuts off sea, land, and sun. It is dismal, and makes one crouch over the fire, and wrap himself in flannels. This season has been unusually free from fogs, but still there have been several good specimens.

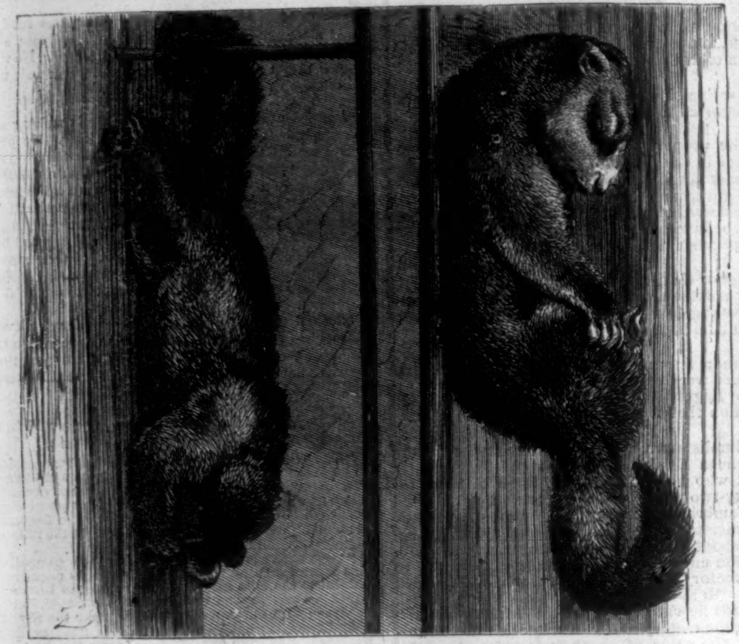
"Cucumber toast" is a country delicacy. Those who try it are so perfectly satisfied of its excellence that they don't want any thing to eat for a week afterward.

Ordinary swimmers miscalculate their strength and skill in the surf. They swim too far out, forgetting how much exertion is requisite to return amidst the breaking waves. Only the most expert and powerful swimmers can buffet the waves as they roll in upon the shore in quick succession, and it is foolish daring for any others to attempt it.

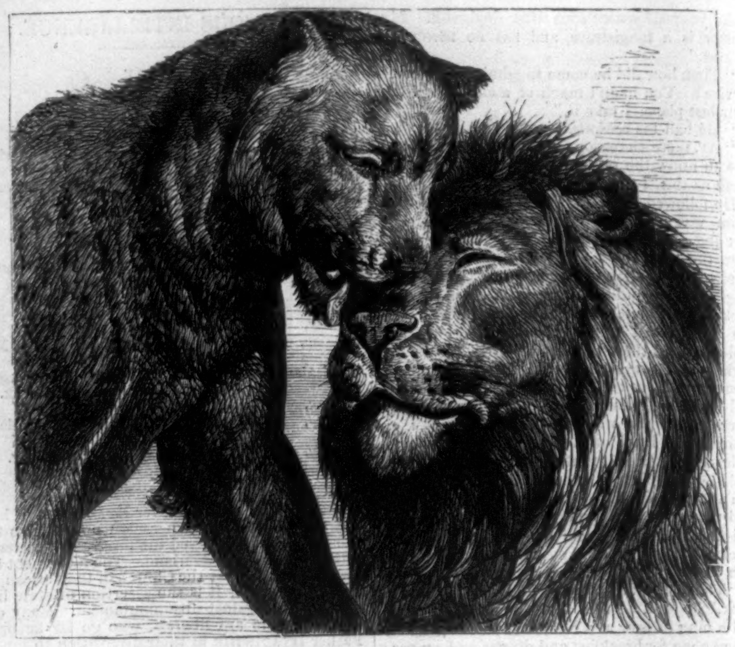
According to the opinion of a practical singer who is now studying in Italy, nothing great can be accomplished in music without hard work, and the devotion of a lifetime to the science of it. Study and good health are indispensable to a musical artist, because the natural voice is liable to become impaired at about forty, while a strong cultivated voice often retains its full power till past sixty.

A Delaware dog lives on terms of intimate friendship with a domestic cat. Carlo is the dog's name, Dick is the cat's. One day not long ago a threaded needle got mixed up with Dick's food, and he attempted to swallow it. It stuck in his throat, evidently causing much pain. Carlo attempted to give surgical relief. After an apparent consultation between the two, Carlo commenced operations by licking Dick's neck, occasionally pausing to press his tongue against it. This he continued to do all one day and until afternoon of the next day. Then Carlo was seen, his whole body quivering with excitement, trying to catch something with his teeth, in which he succeeded, and giving a sudden jerk he pulled the needle through the hide of the cat, where it hung by the thread. The remainder of the operation was performed by a daughter of the dog's master, who pulled the thread through and stuck the needle in the fence close by. The joy of Carlo knew no bounds, and frisking his bushy tail about, and rubbing his shaggy sides against his master, he showed his full knowledge of what he had done by going to the cat and licking the wound in the neck, and then to the needle in the fence, which he examined very minutely, saying in actions almost as plain as words, "See what I did!" This incident is said to be strictly true, having occurred in Wilmington.

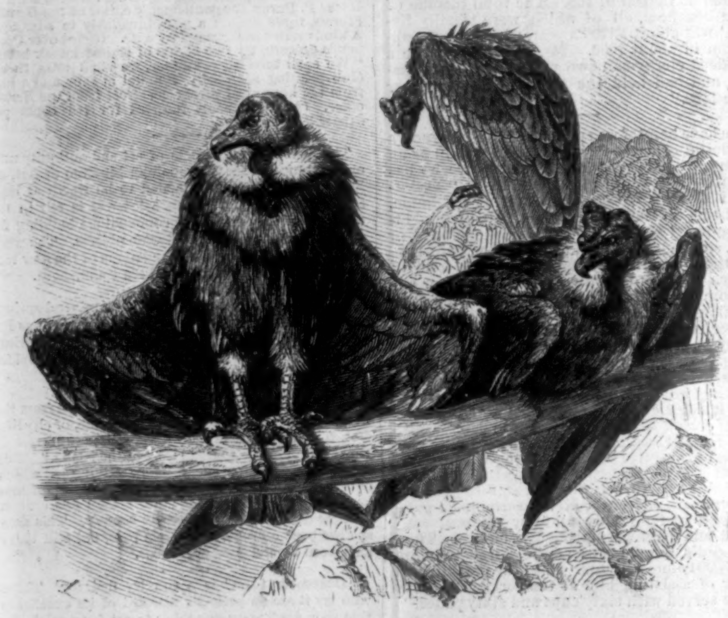
A story is told of an old French shoe-maker, who boasted that nothing could frighten him. Two young men thought they would test him. So one pretended to be dead, and the other induced the shoe-maker to "sit up" with the supposed corpse. As the shoe-maker was in a hurry about some work, he took his tools and leather and began working beside the corpse. About midnight a cup of black coffee was brought him to keep him awake. Soon after, the coffee having exhilarated him, forgetting that he was in the presence of death, he commenced to sing a lively tune, keeping time with his hammer. Suddenly the corpse arose, and exclaimed in a hollow voice, "When a man is in the presence of death he should not sing!" The shoe-maker started, then suddenly dealt the corpse a blow on the head, exclaiming at the same time, "When a man is dead he should not speak." It was the last time they tried to scare the shoe-maker.



THE VULPINE PHALANGERS—AUSTRALIAN SLEEPERS.



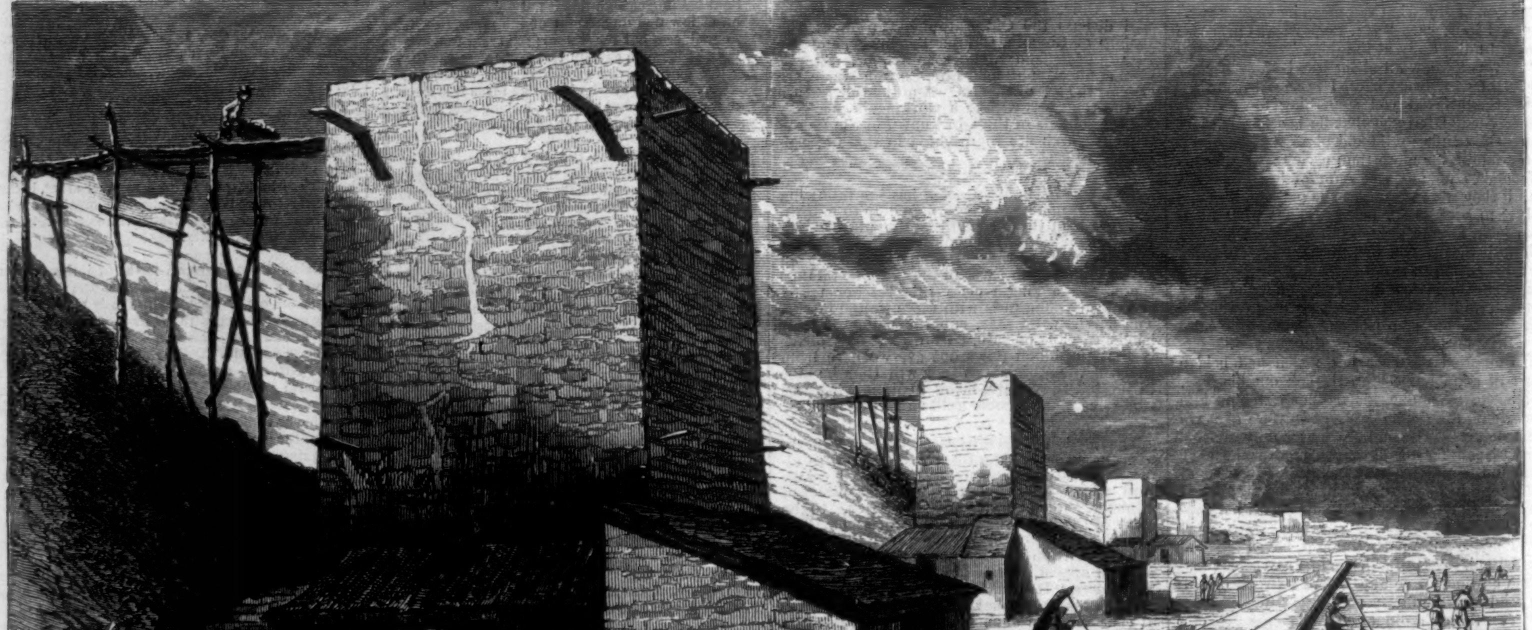
THE KISS OF PEACE.



CONDORS AT REST.

KANGAROO—AUSTRALIAN SQUATTERS.

CURIOSITIES OF ANIMALS.—[See Page 762.]

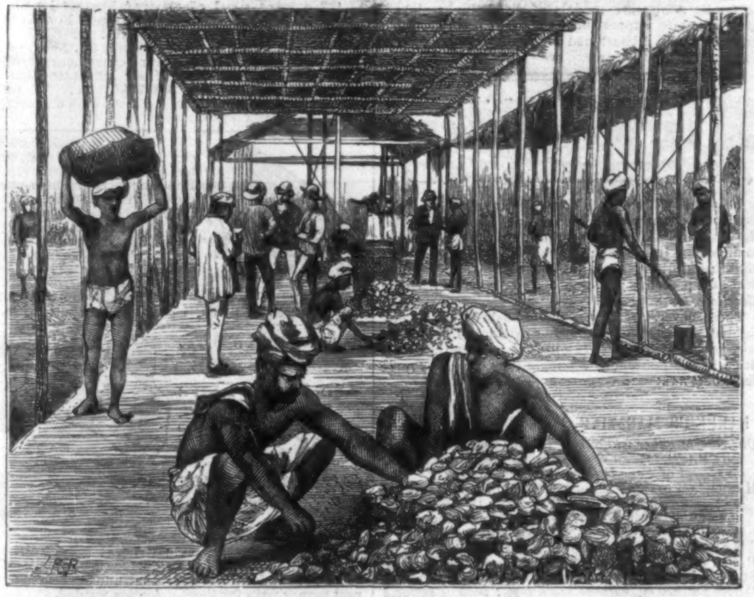


LIMESTONE IN KANSAS.—Drawn by Tavernier and Frenzeny.—[See Page 762.]

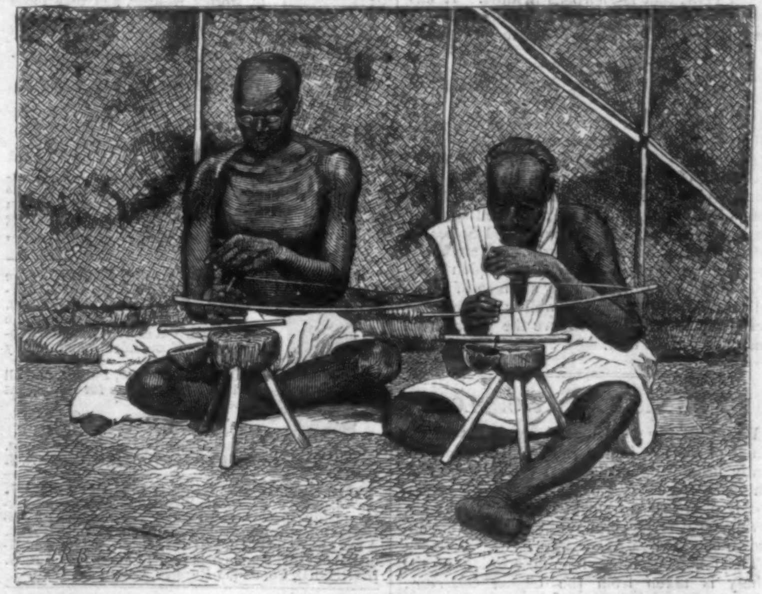
R. Emery (Centre Field). W. Smiley (Left Field). G. Sleeman (President). W. Jones (Short Stop). G. Keerl (Second Base).

H. Myers (First Base). J. Smith (Right Field). C. Maddock (Catcher). W. Smith (Pitcher). H. Spence (Third Base).

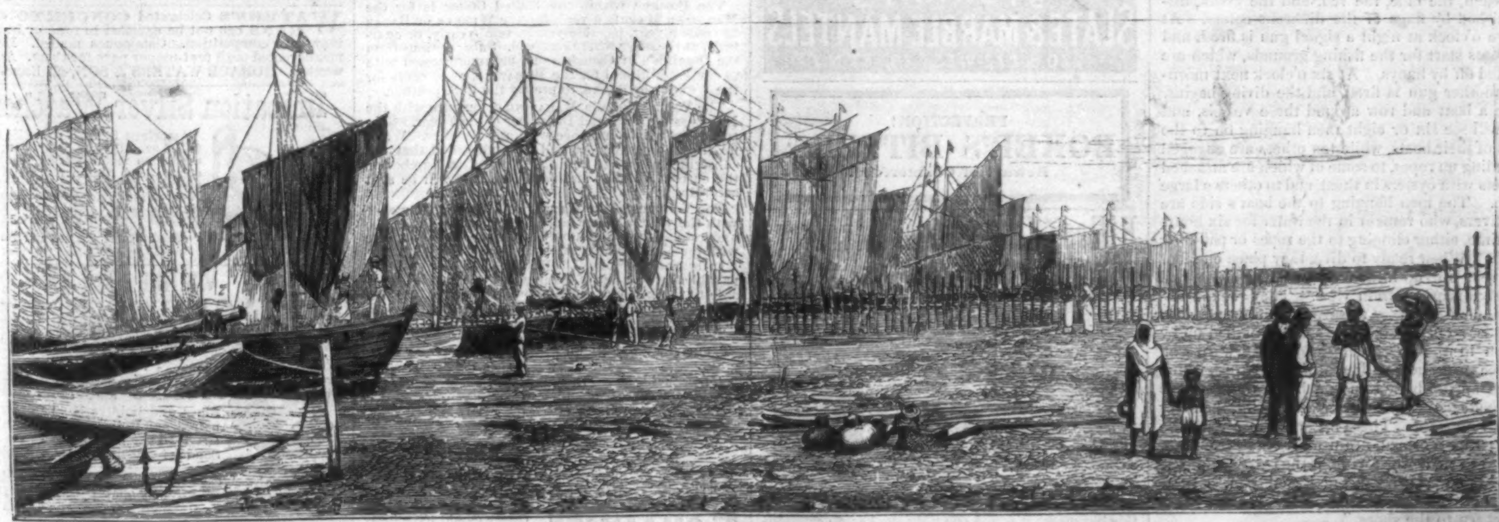
THE MAPLE LEAF BASE-BALL CLUB, OF GUELPH, ONTARIO, CANADA.



HEAPING AND COUNTING THE OYSTERS.



DRILLING THE PEARLS.



THE FISHING VESSELS AT ANCHOR.

PEARL FISHING AT CEYLON.—[SEE PAGE 762.]

LIMESTONE IN KANSAS.

OUR artist, on page 760, makes a very clear picture of some of the stone quarries and lime-kilns in the State of Kansas. Seen from afar, the kilns resemble nothing so much as a line of old castles on the Rhine, that one might imagine had been transported hither and set down in the midst of the prairie. Here is made nearly two-thirds of all the lime used in the State. The stone taken out of the quarries is the magnesia limestone, of which great quantities are shipped throughout the year. It is white, and when first cut is soft, but it soon hardens when exposed to the air. Most of the public buildings in the State are constructed of this material.

CURIOSITIES OF ANIMALS.

STROLLING through the Zoological Gardens of London the visitor meets with many curious sights, but none more curious, perhaps, than those illustrated by the artist on page 760. Here, for instance, is a pair of strange-looking animals, with a very queer name. The *Vulpine Phalanger*, as he is called, is very common in Australia. He works all night and sleeps all day, and an odd way of sleeping he has, to be sure. Suspended by the tail, or squeezed into a hole in a tree, or, as we see in the drawing, pressed into a narrow space, he reposes with the utmost comfort imaginable.

Below this pair is a picture of the condor, an immense bird, of marvelous strength, which delights to live in the most elevated and solitary localities. From these he descends into the valleys in search of food, generally the carcasses of large animals. Terrible stories are told of these birds carrying off children and devouring them; but the great HUMBOLDT, after patient investigation, declared his belief that these reports were fabulous. Still, with their great strength, there is no doubt that they might destroy children and even men; they have been seen to attack young bulls and tear out their tongues and eyes. An idea of their strength may be had by looking at their great talons and broad wings. Seen in the picture, the wings are at rest, but when spread out they measure from eight to eleven feet from tip to tip.

Another interesting part of our group is that of the lion and lioness, who, having had a difference with each other, are now "making up." The old fellow has promised to behave himself better in the future, and taking him at his word, his partner affectionately licks his face, and peace is re-established.

The curious thing about the kangaroo is the use of its powerful tail as a third hind-leg, by resting on it securely, as shown in the illustration. If pursued by enemies and brought to bay, it will assume this position to bring its hind-legs into play, and deliver a terrific blow with its pointed claw, that is sharp as a knife. It has often been known to lay open the body of a dog its entire length with a single stroke.

BASE-BALL IN CANADA.

EVERY true lover of this invigorating sport will be interested in the group of players printed on page 761. The Maple Leaf Base-ball Club, of Guelph, Ontario, is famous as having for three years past held the proud distinction of the Champions of Canada; and having defeated some of the best amateur clubs in the United States, at the late tournament at Watertown, New York, they claim also the title of the champion amateur club of the world. They are men of splendidly developed physique, as well as of handsome faces—men who richly deserve the professional honors they have won.

PEARL FISHING AT CEYLON.

PEARL fishing on the northwest coast of the island of Ceylon, in the Indian Ocean, has recently been recommenced after an interval of ten years, previous to which the oysters mysteriously disappeared from their accustomed beds, having, as it is supposed, been destroyed by unknown enemies.

The following interesting description of the fishery is taken from the *Ceylon Observer*: "The boats are divided into three squadrons of fifty each, the blue, the red, and the green, distinguished by flags of the different colors. At twelve o'clock at night a signal gun is fired, and the boats start for the fishing grounds, which are marked off by buoys. At six o'clock next morning another gun is fired, and the diving begins. Take a boat and row around these vessels, and you will see six or eight men hanging on to the sides of their boats, while ten others are engaged in pulling up ropes, to some of which are attached baskets with oysters in them, and to others a large stone. The men hanging to the boat's side are the divers, who remain in the water for six hours at a time, either clinging to the ropes or paddling about. When ready to dive, they place one foot in a rope stirrup attached to a large stone, and quickly disappear from view. They remain under water from sixty to seventy and even eighty seconds. On a signal the stone is pulled up by a man in the boat, and shortly afterward you will see two others pulling at another rope, which brings up the basket in which the oysters have been collected by the divers, and, lastly, the diver himself appears. These fishers, who are for the most part Moormen, are a merry set of fellows, who go to their work without the least symptoms of distress. At noon the signal gun is fired again, and the diving ceases, after which the vessels return to the shore."

In the illustrations given on page 761 the vessels may be seen safely moored after the work of the day is over. Another of the pictures represents the government kottoo, a long thatched veranda, where the oysters are heaped when brought ashore. Coolies may be seen carrying sacks of oysters on their heads, while others count and sort them. Clerks and overseers stand by to see that there is no cheating in the count and no theft of the precious material. Another picture shows two of the native workmen engaged in drilling the pearls, which they do with considerable expertness, notwithstanding the rude simplicity of the implements employed.

IN connection with our "Base-Ball" illustrations in this Number, we would refer our readers to PECK & SNYDER's adv. This enterprising firm have established an agency for their goods at Messrs. JEFFERIES & MALINGS, 1 Lower Wood Street, Woolwich, London, England.—[*Com.*]

WHAT ARE ENGLISH CHANNEL SHOES?—All sewed shoes have the seam that unites sole and upper sunk into a channel cut in the bottom of the sole. This channel has generally been cut in from the edge, leaving a flimsy lip that soon turns up and makes a ragged sole. In England they cut this channel from the surface, as in hand sewed shoes, and the lip can not turn up. This channel can not be cut in poor leather; and thus indicates a good article. A dark line running round the sole near the edge shows where the English Channel is cut.—[*Com.*]

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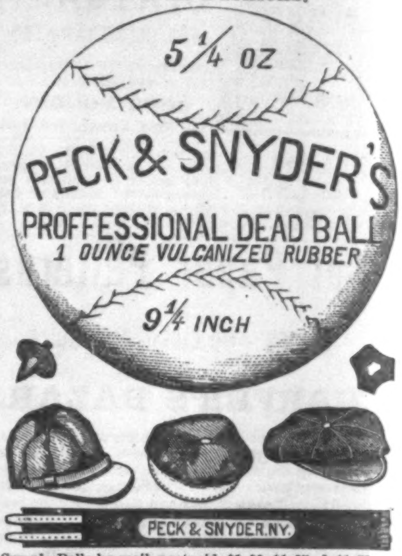

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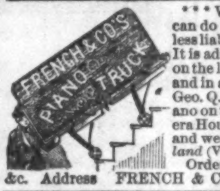

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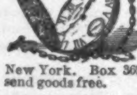

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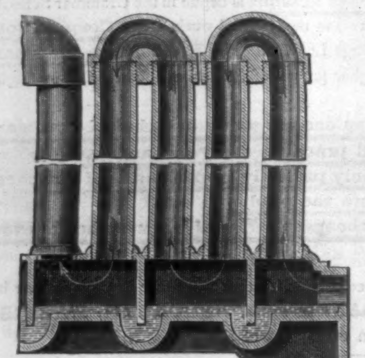

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Another prolific cause of the development of scrofulous disease of the lungs, or tubercular consumption, is Chronic Nasal Catarrh, which, extending along the mucous lining membrane of the throat, trachea, and bronchial tubes, finally attacks the substance of the lungs, and here establishes such an irritation as to invite the blood to deposit its burden of impurities in these organs. Consumption itself is not so often hereditary as is generally supposed. That a condition of low vitality may be transmitted from parents to children is unquestionably true. It is this deficiency of vitality which is inherited—a weakness which makes nutrition imperfect, and leads to the deposit of tubercles. But thousands of persons who inherit feeble vitality would never suffer from Consumption if the functions of the system were kept correct and the blood pure. But when the stomach performs its office only partially, and the food is but half digested, nothing is done to establish vitality and keep up the supply of good blood, and nourish all the tissues of the system healthfully. And when the liver becomes torpid, and but very imperfectly pours off the effete, poisonous materials of the blood, the Lungs, as has before been shown, become irritated, the general health becomes broken down, and the person feels languid, weak, faint, drowsy, and confused. Pain in the right side, in the region of the liver, and sympathetic pain in the shoulders and spine, and through the lungs, is generally complained of. The patient has a dry, hacking cough—that Liver Cough! Small, minute tubercles are developed in the Lungs, and perhaps exist for months all unknown to their victim. Nothing is done to remove the tubercles by the ordinary treatment. Cough is only a symptom of the disease; yet this only is aimed at in the usual treatment.

There is no rational way to cure Consumption except to purify the blood and invigorate the digestive organs, that they may manufacture healthy, rich blood. Those poisonous materials in the blood which cause the tubercles must be thrown off by exciting the Liver to action. Vitality must be supported, the system nourished and built up, and the development of tubercles thus prevented. Remove the blood-poison by restoring the action of the Liver, and the cough, which is only a symptom of real disease, is relieved. You thereby *strike at the root of incipient Consumption and cure the patient.*

I have records of hundreds of cases of confirmed consumption, pronounced such by eminent physicians, that have been cured by the use of my Golden Medical Discovery, or with that and my Pleasant Purgative Pellets, sometimes also combining the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, when the case was complicated with Catarrh. This statement will not seem extravagant even to the most intelligent physician, who knows the number of my patients and the rationality of my treatment. In fact, I often treat physicians and members of their families for Catarrh, Bronchitis, and Consumption, entirely unknown to the personal friends and acquaintances of that physician. The truth being that most physicians do not profess to have any skill in curing those diseases, yet they are not willing to let the people know that I do cure them. They frequently employ my medicines in treating such cases, but don't let their patient know it. Consumption is, however, in general practice, much oftener cured than is generally supposed. I have frequently remarked in the dissecting-room the large number of cases where persons have died of other disease, yet their lungs, upon examination, showing unmistakable evidence of having, perhaps years before, been affected by tubercular Consumption. We have in the books records of hundreds of such cases that are well authenticated, but I have only room to call the reader's attention to one such record, and I ask your thoughtful consideration of it. In the proceedings of the Connecticut Medical Society for 1866, page 145, may be found: "Observations, Ante-Mortem and Post-Mortem, upon the case of the late President Day, by Prof. S. G. Hubbard, M.D., New Haven," from which we learn that Jeremiah Day, LL.D., who was for twenty-nine years President of Yale College, was, while a mere youth, a victim to pulmonary Consumption. During his infancy and boyhood his vitality was feeble. He entered Yale College as a student in 1789, "but," as Prof. Hubbard remarks, "was soon obliged to leave College on account of pulmonary difficulty, which was doubtless the incipient stage of the organic disease of the Lungs which subsequently developed itself." He remained in feeble health for two years, but returned to College and graduated in 1797. For the next six years his Lung difficulties were quite severe, and he repeatedly bled from the Lungs in large quantities; but he had so far recovered in 1803 as to accept a Professorship, was afterward chosen President of the College, which office he held for many years in the enjoyment of good health. He died from "old age" as we are told, in 1867, aged ninety-four years! Why was he not killed by Consumption? Because he was cured by changing his treatment from nauseating pectorals, expectorants, cod liver oil, and other debilitating agents that destroy digestion, to a treatment of blood-cleansing, blood-nourishing, and tonic medicines, with good, nutritious food. Had he Consumption? Yes, both lungs were to a considerable extent involved, the lung-structure being ulcerated at several points and spit up until large cavities were formed in both lungs. But let us have the evidence upon this point. I will give it in the words of Prof. Hubbard, who, in writing of the lungs, says of the examination after death:

"On opening the thorax, only a moderate quantity, perhaps a pint, of serum was found in both cavities—THE LUNGS WERE EVERY WHERE FREE FROM TUBERCULAR DEPOSIT, AND IN ALL RESPECTS HEALTHY. In the apex of each lung, however, was found a dense, corrugated, circular cicatrix, an inch and a half or more in diameter, also a *third* circular cicatrix on the left side of the left lung, a few inches below the apex, each involving such a depth of tissue as to indicate that the vomicæ (cavities) of which they were the remains, HAD BEEN LARGE AND OF LONG DURATION. Both lungs were slightly adherent at the apex."

He further says:

"Here, then, was all that remained to mark the beginning, progress, and cure of a case of tubercular consumption, occupying *twelve years* in its period of activity, and with its incipient stage dating back more than *three-quarters of a century.* A legible record, surpassing in interest and importance to the human race those of the slabs of Nineveh or the Runic inscriptions."

The case of the late Professor Physick, of Philadelphia, was very similar in every respect to this. Cases like those of President Day and Doctor Physick are constantly occurring in my practice. I refer, in confirmation of this statement, to the testimonial of Mr. Wm. H. Spencer, published by me, whose case was pronounced tubercular consumption by at least two of the most eminent physicians of the city of Rochester, and I afterward cured him with my Golden Medical Discovery, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and my Pleasant Purgative Pellets.

With my Discovery I have arrested the hacking and harassing cough, the night sweats, and hectic fever of the consumptive invalid; snatched from the jaws of death and restored to health and happiness many who, but for my Discovery, must soon have fallen victims to that relentless foe. God, I believe, has instilled into the roots and plants from which this wonderful medicine is extracted, the healing properties by the use of which consumption, the scourge of the human family, may in its earlier stages be promptly arrested and permanently cured. I do not wish to delude, flatter, and then disappoint the afflicted by asserting that this can be accomplished when the lungs are half consumed, as many do who, being devoid of all conscience, aim to humbug the afflicted that they may sell their often worse than worthless compounds.

But if my *Golden Medical Discovery* is employed in the first or early stages of the disease, I know from ample observations and actual tests in hundreds of cases, that it will positively arrest the disease and restore health and strength. From its wonderful power over this terrible disease, I thought strongly of calling it my Consumptive Cure; but from the fact that it is a perfect specific for the sore throat and hoarseness to which ministers and other public speakers and singers are subject, and also for *Bronchitis and all severe coughs,* and is an invaluable remedy for diseases of the Liver, and also is a Blood Purifier, I decided not to apply to it a name which might mislead and prevent its use in other diseases for which it is so admirably adapted. I wish to mention a most wonderful nutritive property which it possesses, and which so peculiarly adapts it to the wants of the Consumptive and Scrofulous. The nutritive properties possessed by Cod Liver Oil are trifling when compared with those possessed by my Discovery. It is astonishing to see how it builds up the solid muscle and increases the flesh and weight of those whose systems are reduced below the usual standard of perfect health.

BLEEDING FROM THE LUNGS, CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION.

A WONDERFUL CURE.

Rochester, N. Y., Jan. 13, 1874.

R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir,—I have suffered from Catarrh in an aggravated form for about twelve years, and for several years from Bronchial trouble. Tried many doctors and things with no lasting benefit. In May, 1872, becoming nearly worn out with excessive editorial labors on a paper in New York city, I was attacked with Bronchitis in a very severe form, suffering almost a total loss of voice. I returned from here, but had been home only two weeks when I was completely prostrated with hemorrhage from the lungs, *having four severe bleeding spells within two weeks, and first three inside of nine days.* In the September following I improved sufficiently to be able to be about, though in a very feeble state. My bronchial trouble remained, and the catarrh was ten-fold worse than before. Every effort for relief seemed fruitless. I seemed to be losing ground daily. I continued in this feeble state, raising blood almost daily, until about the 1st of March, 1873, when I became so bad as to be entirely confined to the house. A friend suggested your remedies. But I was extremely skeptical that they would do me any good, as I had lost all heart in remedies, and began to look upon medicine and doctors with disgust. However, I obtained one of your circulars and read it carefully, from which I came to the conclusion that you understood your business at least. I finally obtained a quantity of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, your Golden Medical Discovery and Pellets, and commenced their vigorous use according to directions. To my surprise I soon began to improve. The Discovery and Pellets in a short time brought out a severe eruption, which continued for some weeks. I felt much better, my appetite improved, and I gained in strength and flesh. In three months every vestige of catarrh was gone, the bronchitis had nearly disappeared, had no cough whatever, and I had entirely ceased to raise blood, and, contrary to the expectation of some of my friends, the cure has remained permanent. I have no more hemorrhages from the lungs, and am entirely free from the catarrh, from which I had suffered so much and so long. The debt of gratitude I owe for the blessing I have received at your hands knows no bounds. I am thoroughly satisfied from my experience that your medicine will master the worst forms of that odious disease, catarrh, as well as throat and lung diseases. I have recommended them to very many, and shall ever speak in their praise.

Gratefully yours, Wm. H. Spencer.

P. O. Box No. 507, Rochester, N. Y.

In another letter Mr. Spencer says:

"I have had a remarkable experience. Those familiar with my past illness look upon my present condition of health as an almost miraculous restoration. The physician who treated me during a part of my illness, and who is probably the best surgeon and old school physician in the city, said to me last summer 'that according to the usual course of things a man in the condition you were in a year ago ought to have died.'"

Mr. Spencer's testimony is only a fair sample of thousands of others received from those who have been cured of lingering Coughs, Catarrh, Bronchitis, and Consumption, of severe diseases peculiar to Females, and many other forms of disease by using my Family Medicines, after they had been pronounced incurable by eminent physicians.

R. V. PIERCE, M.D.,
World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y.

ON THE VOYAGE TO GIBRALTAR.

ON THE VOYAGE TO GIBRALTAR.

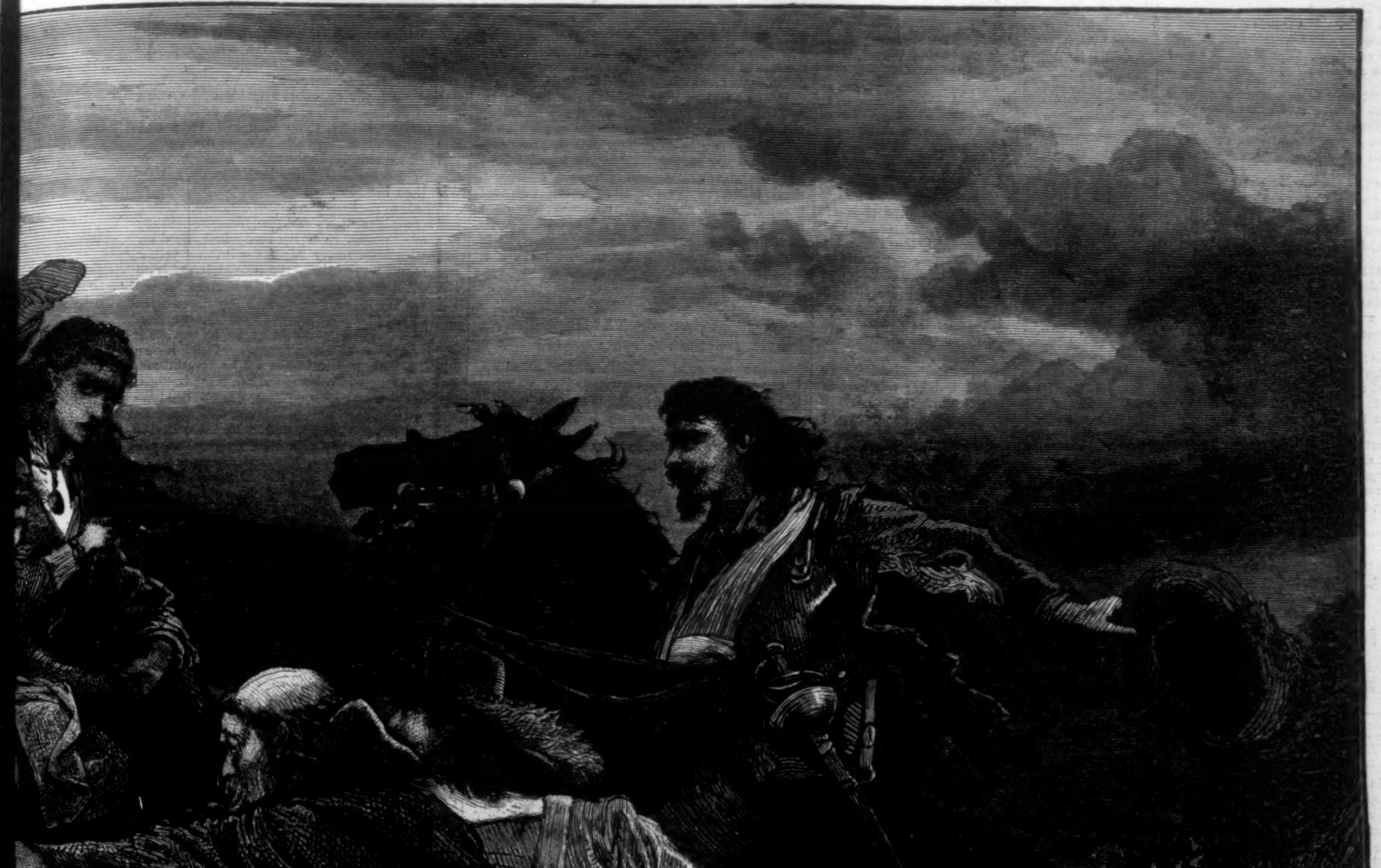
THE pleasures and the discomforts of an ocean voyage are faithfully depicted by the artist in the above series of sketches. Though nothing more wretched can well be imagined than the miseries of seasickness, the sufferer seldom excites the sympathy of those who are not subject to that terror of the ocean. In fact, there seems to be something irresistibly comic, when you are not the victim yourself, in the qualms and agonies of a seasick person, and they form an inexhaustible theme for the pen of the humorist and the pencil of the caricaturist. Some of the most amusing cuts in *Punch* depict the miseries of the trip across the Channel, the discomforts of which are multiplied tenfold by the wretched little steamers which the English have but just made up their minds to discard for more commodious boats. Had the Channel ferry been in the hands of an American company, the change would have been made years ago. But John Bull likes to growl, and doesn't want to be too comfortable.

ESCAPED.

THE story of our beautiful double-page engraving is graphically told by the artist's skill. Every detail speaks of a desperate struggle, of a hurried escape, under cover of darkness, from the burning castle or village, the smoke from which rolls in dark and sombre clouds against the light of early morning. The danger is over, but the mother still clasps her child and looks back with anxious eyes in the direction from which pursuit may be expected, and is not quite assured by her husband's cheering words. The poor old priest, weary and out of breath from his exertions in assisting to push the clumsy and lumbering cart up the steep ascent, looks up to speak a word of encouragement. In a little while, before the sun is fairly up over the hills, the party will be in a place of security, where they can rest and recount the dangers through which they have passed.

The incident belongs to an age long past for almost every civilized country of the world. In England or in Germany such scenes would be impossible at the present day. But in unhappy Spain, where the barbarous Carlists wage a frightful war of murder, rapine, and pillage in the name of a Romish pretender to the throne, every week furnishes a parallel. Peaceful towns are plundered and burned, and the inhabitants put to the sword or shot down in cold blood, all in the name of legitimacy and religion. And who can doubt that the same excesses would be enacted in France should a war against the republic be brought on under the instigation and guidance of a fanatical priesthood? But for the Carlists, Spain would now be a peaceful and happy land, her fertile hills and plains would be clothed with the fruits of industry, manufactories would be springing up under the fostering influence of free intelligence, and she would make rapid progress toward a position in Europe far grander than was her ancient renown.

ESCAPED—AN INCIDENT [illegible] CIVIL



CIVIL WAR.—[SEE PAGE 765.]